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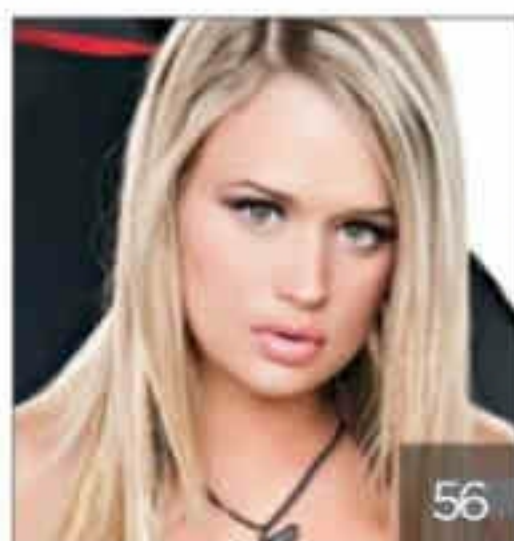
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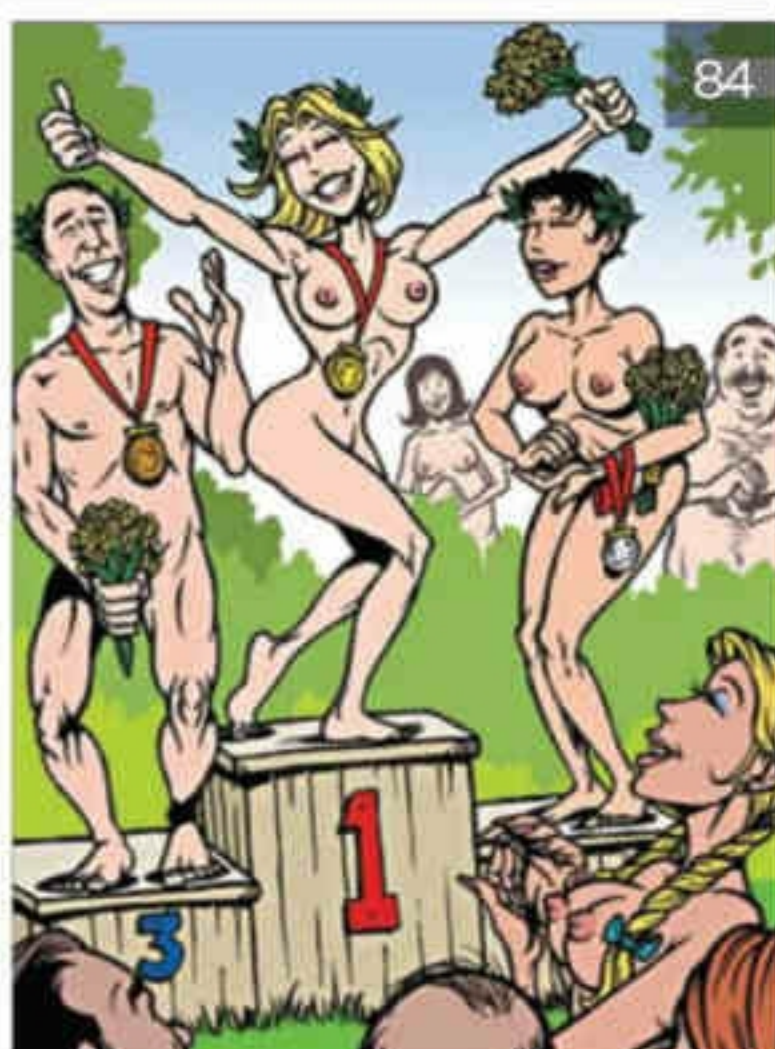
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HOT FUN



another beer, while trying to keep from ogling her tits.

She asked if I'd had any pool parties yet, and I told her I planned on inviting some friends over in a few weeks. We talked some more, then she moved into my personal space, saying how much she appreciated my understanding about her taking a dip. When she was just inches from me, she kissed me, probing inside my mouth with her tongue. With her other hand, she reached down to explore my cock, which seemed to meet with her approval.

I opened my shirt so I could feel her tits against my chest, then worked her shorts down over her hips. I slid my hands over her ass and her shorts dropped to the floor. I explored her pussy, finding it smooth and clean-shaven, as she continued darting her tongue into my mouth. Smooth cunts are a wonderful turn-on for me. I found her clit and teased it, then I pulled my lips away and lowered them to show her what my tongue could do to please her pussy.

My cock was stiff from her stroking, and I could hardly wait to fuck her. She began to moan softly, making low sounds of pleasure as she arched her back to force her cunt against my mouth. After she came, she pulled me down and guided my cock into her wet pussy. Even with her wetness, my shaft was thick enough and long enough to stretch her cunt, getting her off again. She rotated her hips to grind my dick deep inside her. Full, deep thrusts just made her move more. But since I had pleased her with my mouth, I thought it only fitting to see what she could do in return. I pulled out and pointed my tool toward her lips.

She arched her neck as I guided my cock as deep as I thought she could take it, but she grabbed my butt to pull me in even deeper. Her fingers dug into my ass, keeping my dick buried to the hilt. With her deep-throating me, I was no longer able to hold back. I came hard, shooting jet after jet of hot semen down her throat.

We lay there until she had to leave to finish the rest of her cleaning jobs, but she promised to make me her last Friday appointment for the rest of the summer. — T.R., Virginia

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

I love summer Fridays at my job because our office officially closes at 1 P.M. Everyone comes in wearing flip-flops, shorts, and T-shirts, and some people even have their swimsuits on under their clothes to save time for the mad dash to the nearest beach or pool.

I had my own pool installed late last summer, so I quietly head for home. I thought about telling some of my coworkers, then selfishly decided to enjoy at least a couple of weekends of having the pool all to myself.

I'd made an appointment to have the pool cleaned in the morning, but when I arrived home, the service truck was still in the driveway. When I walked to the back of the house, I was greeted with an amazing visual: My pool technician was a long-legged blonde, dressed in Daisy Dukes and a bikini top.

She looked trim and fit and had big bouncy tits. It was a pleasure watching her as she worked her way around the pool, brushing and vacuuming, a fine sheen of sweat glistening on her tan skin. Since she had headphones on, she wasn't aware she was being

watched. Her movements were fluid and sexy, the assumption of privacy removing her inhibitions.

When she finished her work she untied her top, pulled her headphones off, and dove gracefully into the pool. Her shorts clung even more tightly to her perfect butt as she swam the length of the pool and then backstroked, showing off her awesome breasts. When she spotted me, she looked startled at first, and a little embarrassed. Then she climbed out of the pool, her nipples pointing to the sky, water cascading off her shoulders. She gave me a smile and didn't bother putting her top back on.

I handed her a towel from one of the lounge chairs, and invited her inside. After she dried off, I offered her a cold beer, and asked her about maintaining the pool. I offered her

She began to moan softly, making low sounds of pleasure as she arched her back to force her cunt against my mouth.

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DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD

A few months ago, I began chatting with a guy I'd met online. The initial attraction was his wry sense of humor. I had no idea what he looked like and that was just fine, but as the months progressed, I became curious. Then, just when I'd decided to ask him to send me his picture, he beat me to it.

Now, I'm not shy about my size. I'm a woman with curves and I'm proud of them. I'm a plus-size lingerie model and I love the way I look. If a guy can't handle it, I move on. There are plenty of men out there who appreciate a full-figured woman. Trust me—I've met more than my share.

I sent him one of my favorite pics. In it I'm wearing a matching lace bra and thong, topped with a little sheer peignoir. If that didn't get him going, nothing would. Two minutes after sending the image, he sent back a picture of him leaning up against a sports car, and an invitation to dinner.

He was absolutely gorgeous—big strong arms, thick chest, and, from what I could make out, a promising package. To make a short story even shorter, I invited him to my place the following weekend. Dinner was on the menu, but so was he—as the dessert.

He was even better looking in the flesh, and I mentally undressed him during dinner. Over coffee, I teased him by letting him know how much I love to suck on big things, and he promised me a treat.

Hoping his idea had nothing to do with food, I led him into the living room. I couldn't wait to check out his cock and wrap my lips around it. I heard his sharp intake of breath as I traced the outline of his thick dick through his pants. He gave me a greedy look as he lowered my top and pressed his hot mouth against my hard nipples.

We barely made it to the bedroom. I pushed him down on the bed and took great pleasure in him watching me do a slow striptease. The look on his face as I gradually revealed the same lacy underwear from the picture was priceless. His gaze drank in my every nuance from head to toe, leaving no doubt that, for him, bigger was better.

Then I got to watch him undress. The sight of his broad chest, muscular thighs, and firm ass made my pussy ache for a close encounter—but first thing's first. I pushed him back and wrapped my lips around the bulbous head of his enormous cock. His moans



were music to my ears, and I savored the power I had over him. I struggled to slide my mouth down the thick shaft. He was larger than most guys I'd been with, but I was absolutely determined to give it my best shot.

I sucked slowly at first, flicking my tongue across the tip, then taking the shaft into my mouth until I could feel the head hitting the back of my throat. I moved my mouth up and down his cock, stroking it with my hands in rhythm. When I looked up, his eyes were closed, his head was thrown back, and he was moaning in ecstasy.

He shot into my mouth, and I savored the salty taste of his come. I couldn't swallow it all, so I let some flow down his still-erect cock. I

couldn't wait to have that monster deep in my throat again—I could keep this up as long as he could.

I let his massive tool glide back into my mouth, grabbed his tight ass, and sucked him in. He tilted my head back so he could watch it slide in and out of my mouth. He was practically growling as his balls bounced off my chin. When he was ready to come this time, he let me know. I stopped sucking, pulled back, and used my fingers to pinch the head of his cock.

For almost an hour, I used my tongue, lips, and hands to entice him to the brink of orgasm, only to pull back at the last minute. When I finally let him climax, it was a sweet explosion that rocked his world.

Then, just when I thought that it couldn't get any better, he spread my legs and confessed that he, too, had an oral fixation—he loved eating pussy. But that's a story for another time. I'm too horny from writing this to continue!—P.C., New York

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He gave me a greedy look as he lowered my top and pressed his hot mouth against my hard nipples.

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Sunless Summer

With somber spins on the Spider-Man and Batman franchises, Hollywood hopes to have moviegoers packing darkened theaters this summer. Emma Stone and Anne Hathaway star alongside Andrew Garfield and Christian Bale.



GLORIOUS GLOOM

Christopher Nolan's third turn at the helm of the Batman franchise looks both epic and glum.

The Dark Knight Rises
Christian Bale, Anne Hathaway,
Tom Hardy

Merchant of gloom Christopher Nolan has a certain kind of ominous, dread-soaked superheroism down pat by now. But has he lost sight of the notion that this is supposed to be about Batman? Tortured Bale will don the rubber suit one last time, while British tough guy Hardy (on deck to be the new Mad Max) plays Bane, the devilish villain bent on destroying Gotham. We'll definitely keep an eye on Hathaway's Catwoman—yes, the costume is snug—but we don't expect much sultriness from a Nolan film. (This is the director who cast both Scarlett Johansson and Rebecca Hall in *The Prestige*, and all that stuck were the magic tricks.) No matter: We're almost as pumped as the comic-geek nation. See it as huge and loud as you can; there's nearly an hour of IMAX-shot action that's sure to make your teeth rattle.



Savages

Blake Lively, Uma Thurman, John Travolta

There once was a director called Oliver Stone who took big risks, dared to come off like an idealistic teenager, and had tons of fun with his outrage. Hopefully, that's the guy who's back with this south-of-the-border revenge flick, very much in the vein of Stone's Quentin Tarantino-penned *Natural Born Killers*. Easy-on-the-eyes Lively is lover to two pot growers, both of whom panic after she's kidnapped by a Mexican drug cartel. Lending mid-nineties credentials, Thurman portrays Lively's mom, while Travolta yaps it up as a DEA agent.



Take This Waltz

Seth Rogen, Michelle Williams

Just in case you were getting tired of Rogen's shtick, here's a smart indie drama that makes him a believable romantic foil to Williams (well, more believable than he was as a match for Katherine Heigl in *Knocked Up*): The two play a young married couple already losing their heat in repeated patterns of cozy domesticity. In steps a neighbor (Luke Kirby), prepared to alienate a wife's affections. Directing it all with confident ease is actor Sarah Polley, who doesn't skimp on the uncomfortable tensions—or the full-frontal nudity, courtesy of Williams and snide costar Sarah Silverman.



The Amazing Spider-Man

Andrew Garfield, Emma Stone

We're still supposed to hyphenate the web-slinger's name—could another upside-down kiss be far behind? Let's hope this pseudo-reboot has more up its spandex sleeve than the last trilogy's cheese. Initial peeks look faintly promising: The genuinely goofy Garfield (*The Social Network*) has beanpole sensitivity down cold, while love interest Stone delivers plenty of throaty feistiness and charm. The computer-generated swinging through city canyons is shot from the hero's point of view, an interesting wrinkle. But you really have to wonder who's anticipating this movie in the wake of *The Avengers*. People will probably line up anyway, if for no other reason than to beat the heat.



The Watch

Ben Stiller, Jonah Hill, Vince Vaughn

The studio, 20th Century Fox, probably doesn't want us to mention that this comedy used to be called *Neighborhood Watch*, and is about bumbling self-appointed guardians of a peaceful suburb. Thankfully, though, the movie's similarities with tragic real-life events end there: Our quartet of imaginary protectors is Stiller, Hill, Richard Ayoade, and Vaughn, and their enemies are aliens, as in the green-slime-producing kind from outer space, who are plotting conquest. Director Akiva Schaffer made us crack up countless times with *SNL* shorts like "Lazy Sunday" and "Dick in a Box," and his 2007 comedy *Hot Rod* had its moments, so we're holding out hope for this one. **A-**

HIGH-DEF BADASSES

Some of our favorite ass-kickers and button-pushers are coming to Blu-ray this month.



Act of Valor

Plenty of actors have portrayed Navy SEALs, but apparently no one in Hollywood is badass enough for the rigors of a *real* SEAL-style mission. The filmmakers behind this action flick cast actual members of the elite special-ops teams to depict a fictionalized rescue mission. The SEALs are credited anonymously, of course, and the Navy reportedly had final-cut privileges—but the unique casting lent some serious credibility to the adrenaline-pumping combat scenes. The Blu-ray will include interviews with the SEALs, a making-of featurette, info on SEAL tactics, and deleted scenes. Plus, a portion of sales proceeds will be donated to Operation Homefront.



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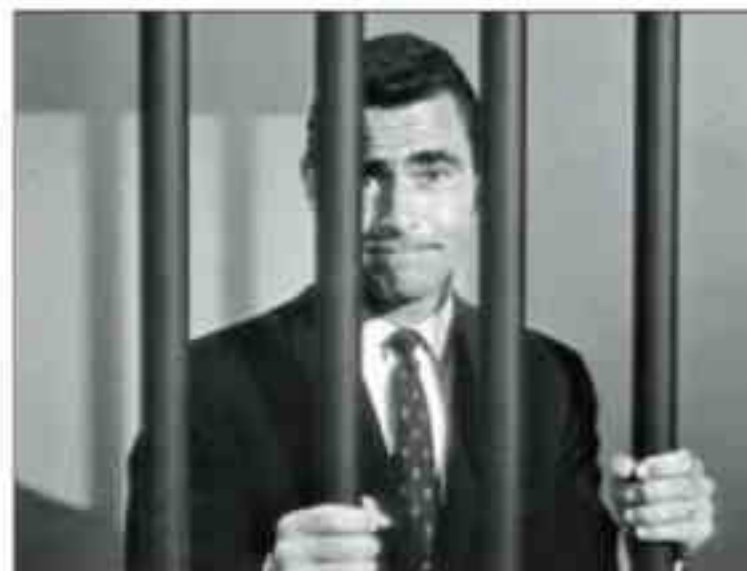
21 Jump Street

We weren't completely sold on the idea of a movie adaptation of this cheesy eighties TV show, but Jonah Hill and Channing Tatum turned the narc drama into the hilarious buddy-cop romp the show probably should have been in the first place. (Former costars Johnny Depp and Peter Dinklage even cameo as the original *Jump Street* officers.) We're anticipating a lot of funny bonus footage on the Blu-ray—before the movie had even hit theaters, director Phil Lord was promising 40 minutes of deleted scenes.



Barbarella

No matter what we think about Jane Fonda's Vietnam-era politics, there's no denying that she looks fucking hot in this campy 1968 sci-fi extravaganza about a forty-first-century astronaut. Beginning with the opening credits, director Roger Vadim (Fonda's husband at the time) took every opportunity to get his innocent heroine out of her skimpy garb and into sexual situations. (Fonda's scenes with Anita Pallenberg are sure to inspire fantasies.) Unfortunately, the Blu-ray is bare-bones, with only the theatrical trailer as a bonus. Still, high-def images of Fonda at her sex-kitten peak are worth savoring, especially since the 2014 remake that's in the works is unlikely to measure up.—Barbara Rice Thompson



The Twilight Zone: The Complete Series

In the era of *Leave It to Beaver* and *Father Knows Best*, Rod Serling's groundbreaking series brought science fiction and fantasy into the mainstream. The series, which ran from 1959 to 1964, was an instant hit, thanks to its creepy take on everything from plastic surgery to nuclear war to the monsters next door. (And its casting director must have had a crystal ball—the list of guest stars includes up-and-comers Burt Reynolds, Robert Redford, William Shatner, and Carol Burnett, among others.) The full collection of the fifth dimension includes all 156 episodes and the bonus features from the DVD set, along with fun new extras like the unofficial pilot, "The Time Element." It's a must-have for any sci-fi fan who hasn't already bought the individual seasons on Blu-ray—even if you have to do some time-travel sports betting to afford it (the list price is \$400).



Tosh.O: Hoodies

Has it seriously taken this long to get a season of *Tosh.O* on DVD? Comedy Central's mean-spirited, funny-as-fuck roundup of web videos is on its fifth season, but the new Blu-ray will take you back to the beginning. The first installment includes classic web redemptions for such viral stars as Chris Crocker, Tron Guy, Afro Ninja, and the trampled cheerleader—along with an excessive amount of puke and arm wrestling. We're keeping our fingers crossed for unrated extras and not-safe-for-cable bonus footage.



If God wanted us to floss, it'd be in the bible.

Robots Feel Nothing When They Hold Hands

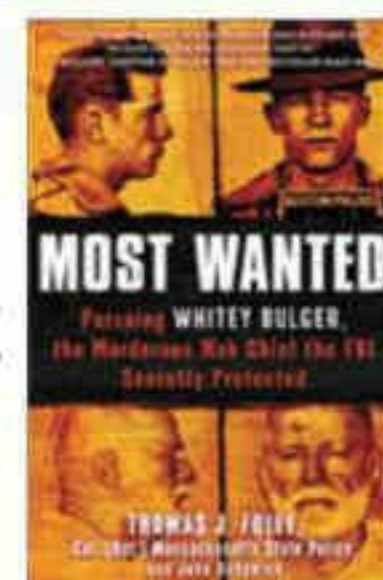
By Alec Sulkin, Artie Johann, and Michael Desilets

These twisted tweets from the writers of *Family Guy* are amusing, but some may have been better off staying online. They range from the profane ("I'd watch a 'Where Are They Now?' about kids who could suck their own dicks in high school") to the abstract ("Can't tell if there's a mosquito in the room or just faraway Bee Gees music"), and include, every so often, a few that are worthy of being read out loud ("If you can convince someone to get in your trunk, you get to keep them"). The humor is sometimes a little too juvenile for non-*Family Guy* fans, but the illustrations bridge the gaps and make this collection from Chronicle Books a respectable addition to your commode canon.

Most Wanted: Pursuing Whitey Bulger, the Murderous Mob Chief the FBI Secretly Protected

By Thomas J. Foley

For 20 years, retired Massachusetts State Police Colonel Thomas J. Foley was at the forefront of the hunt for notorious Irish-mob boss Whitey Bulger, and here, Foley reveals not only the ins and outs of the investigation (along with many other cases), but also his long-standing beef with the FBI over its use of informants, including Bulger. Along the way, we learn about some of Bulger's most heinous crimes and his vicious MO (which included pulling out a victim's teeth and chopping off their fingertips). Throw in Bulger's successful politician brother, FBI agents on the take, and Foley's plain-spoken narrative, and you've got a chilling, fast-paced read from Simon & Schuster about one of the more infamous criminals of our time.



Strange Bedfellows

Republican senator John McCain's daughter Meghan and former *State* comedian Michael Ian Black hit the campaign trail together in a funny new book.

America, You Sexy Bitch: A Love Letter to Freedom

By Michael Ian Black and Meghan McCain

De Capo Press

If it seems unlikely to you that liberal comedian Black (*Wet Hot American Summer*, *The State*) and the daughter of Republican senator John McCain would embark on an RV tour of the United States together, well, it seemed equally improbable to the two of them when they met on Twitter and decided, largely on a whim, to go talk to real people. That they do, visiting everywhere from Las Vegas to Branson, Missouri; from New Orleans to Washington, D.C. Trading anecdotes, they riff off each other and also make impassioned arguments for their respective points of view. Surprisingly enough, McCain, despite having less experience as an entertainer, is often more entertaining. Also surprising: They both have smoked pot and question why it's illegal. This is a fun escape from the grind of the presidential-campaign season, and it ranges across topics as varied as Crocs, the military, and Dolly Parton in gleeful fashion. Whatever your political leanings, this patriotic, zany travelogue will make you want to head out and see the country, too.

WEARING IT WELL

On *Handwritten*, their fourth album, the Gaslight Anthem continue to shrug off the Springsteen comparisons and go their own way.



The Gaslight Anthem
Handwritten
Universal Music Group
★★★



The Gaslight Anthem's 2008 album, *The '59 Sound*, launched the New Jersey quartet off the turnpike of obscurity and onto numerous critics' year-end best-of lists. Their punk-rock take on Bruce Springsteen even caught the attention of the Boss himself, who has since joined the band onstage several times. For their follow-up, 2010's *American Slang*, they unveiled a few new moves, adding soul and R&B accents. Now come further wrinkles, including cello ("National Anthem"), fat, bluesy riffs ("Too Much Blood"), and classic-rock touches (the harmonica-tinged "Keepsake"). But frontman Brian Fallon and Company haven't forgotten how they got this far: by cranking out exhilarating rock 'n' roll anthems. The hi-NRG first single, "45," rushes headlong to its memorable chorus ("And all my friends say, 'Hey-aaay! Turn the record over/ Hey-aaay! I'll see you on the flip side.'"). It's a quintessential GA track, as is "Mulholland Drive," in which a couple drives "through the mist on Mulholland" with—as ever in Fallon's songs—"the radio on."



Crocodiles
Endless Flowers
Frenchkiss Records
★★

San Diego post-punk outfit Crocodiles emerged in 2008 as a duo with a jones for the Jesus and Mary Chain and Echo & the Bunnymen (whose debut album is called *Crocodiles*). They've since expanded both their lineup and their sound. Now a quintet, they've incorporated garage-y elements (see the new record's rocking, keyboard-swirling "Welcome Trouble") and propulsive nods to Krautrock (see "Dark Alleys," which buzzes and drives along an insistent bass line). Elsewhere, lilting, opiated lullabies like "No Black Clouds for Dee Dee" and its more languid counterpart, "Hung Up on a Flower," make it clear that the "endless flowers" of the title are more likely poppies than daffodils or daisies.



Aesop Rock
Skelethon
Rhymesayers Entertainment
★★★

Ultrawordy Bay Area rapper Aesop Rock is back with his first record in six years, and we're willing to wager it'll be the only album this year to reference Dagwood Bumstead. Let that touch of whimsy stand as a signal to the indie hip-hop star's critics, who complain that his dense, abstract rhymes are humorless and frequently impenetrable: Because while *Skelethon* certainly delivers verbal complexity, it's also loaded with hooks and head-nodding beats ("Zero Dark Thirty," "Crows 2"), and it features several straight-ahead story songs ("ZZZ Top," "Ruby '81"), along with free-wheeling dashes of humor ("Racing Stripes," "Homemade Mummy"). A welcome return.



Beachwood Sparks
The Tarnished Gold
Sub Pop
★★★

"Sparks Fly Again," the second track from Beachwood Sparks' third full-length album, is a none-too-subtle reference to the fact that the Los Angeles alt-country band has been dormant since 2002. Bouyed (or irritated?) by the recent breakthroughs of such retro acts as Bon Iver and Fleet Foxes, they decided to give it another go. But "fly" is perhaps the wrong word for what they do; "glide" or "soar" is more like it. Standout tracks like the title song and "Water From the Well" use quietly insistent melodies, gentle harmonies, and steel guitar to transporting effect. "No Queremos Oro" flashes south-of-the-border flair. It's airy, timeless stuff.

Badass Riffs

Rock history's most righteous riffs



"PARANOID," BLACK SABBATH, 1970

(Dark) Lord knows, Sabbath has enough anvil-heavy riffs to choose from, but we picked the "Paranoid" intro for the finesse it mixes in with the ferocity.



"OUTSHINED," SOUNDGARDEN, 1991

Heavier and sludgier than the Cuyahoga River when it caught fire in 1969, this is the perfect backdrop for Chris Cornell's prodigious pipes.



"AIN'T TALKIN' 'BOUT LOVE," VAN HALEN, 1978

We're not guitar geeks, but that is some monster tone, and a raw, rip-shit riff played by a virtuoso.



"ENTER SANDMAN," METALLICA, 1991

Very simple, extremely effective: Drummer Lars Ulrich has said this indelible riff was the entire "foundation, the guide" to the band's self-titled fifth album.



"WHOLE LOTTA LOVE," LED ZEPPELIN, 1969

If you doubt it, check out the version on *How the West Was Won*, their 2003 live album. You too will be won over when it leaps out of the speakers like a saber-toothed tiger.

Summertime Rolls

Breaking down five of the greatest summer songs of all time



Song, Artist, Year: "Steal My Sunshine," Len, 1999

Peak Chart Position: 3.

Career Arc: Almost no arc: The Toronto-based brother-sister duo of Marc and Sharon Costanzo is one of the great one-hit wonders of all time.

Summer Vibe: 9. Built around a looped snippet from Andrea True Connection's 1976 disco song "More, More, More" (itself a one-hit wonder), this preposterously catchy track "instantly calls up sweltering, shimmering beaches," as one critic said at the time.



Song, Artist, Year: "Wipe Out," the Surfaris, 1963

Peak Chart Position: 2.

Career Arc: They've splintered, but two versions of the Surfaris still perform and record to this day—almost exclusively on the strength of "Wipe Out" and its B-side, "Surfer Joe."

Summer Vibe: 9. The sound of a cracking surfboard, a silly high-pitched laugh, and cascading drums give way to the iconic, echo-y riff that goes perfectly with surfing videos. The song has appeared in more than 20 movies and TV shows.



Song, Artist, Year: "School's Out," Alice Cooper, 1972

Peak Chart Position: 7.

Career Arc: Cooper started in the 1960s and he's still going today, having released his 26th album, *Welcome 2 My Nightmare*, in 2011, the same year he was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Summer Vibe: 9. Cooper has said the goal for the song was to capture one of the "greatest three minutes of your life ... the last three minutes of the last day of school when you're sitting there and it's like a slow fuse burning." Mission accomplished.



Song, Artist, Year: "(Sittin' on) the Dock of the Bay," Otis Redding, 1968

Peak Chart Position: 1.

Career Arc: Redding died in a plane crash at 26, a month before this song was released. Yet he established an immortal legacy in his brief career, prompting the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, which inducted Redding in 1989, to say he was "synonymous with the term *soul*."

Summer Vibe: 10. Waves crest in the background, Steve Cropper's expert guitar chords—this timeless track perfectly captures a melancholy summer day.



Song, Artist, Year: "Summer in the City," the Lovin' Spoonful, 1966

Peak Chart Position: 1.

Career Arc: Founder John Sebastian left the band in 1968 after a four-year run that included several other Top 10 hits, but there have been regroupings of the band since then. One version still tours today.

Summer Vibe: 10. Nails the sweltering claustrophobia and noise of a summer afternoon downtown, while celebrating the sweet relief of nighttime, when "it's a different world/ Go out and find a girl/ Come-on come-on and dance all night." **A-**

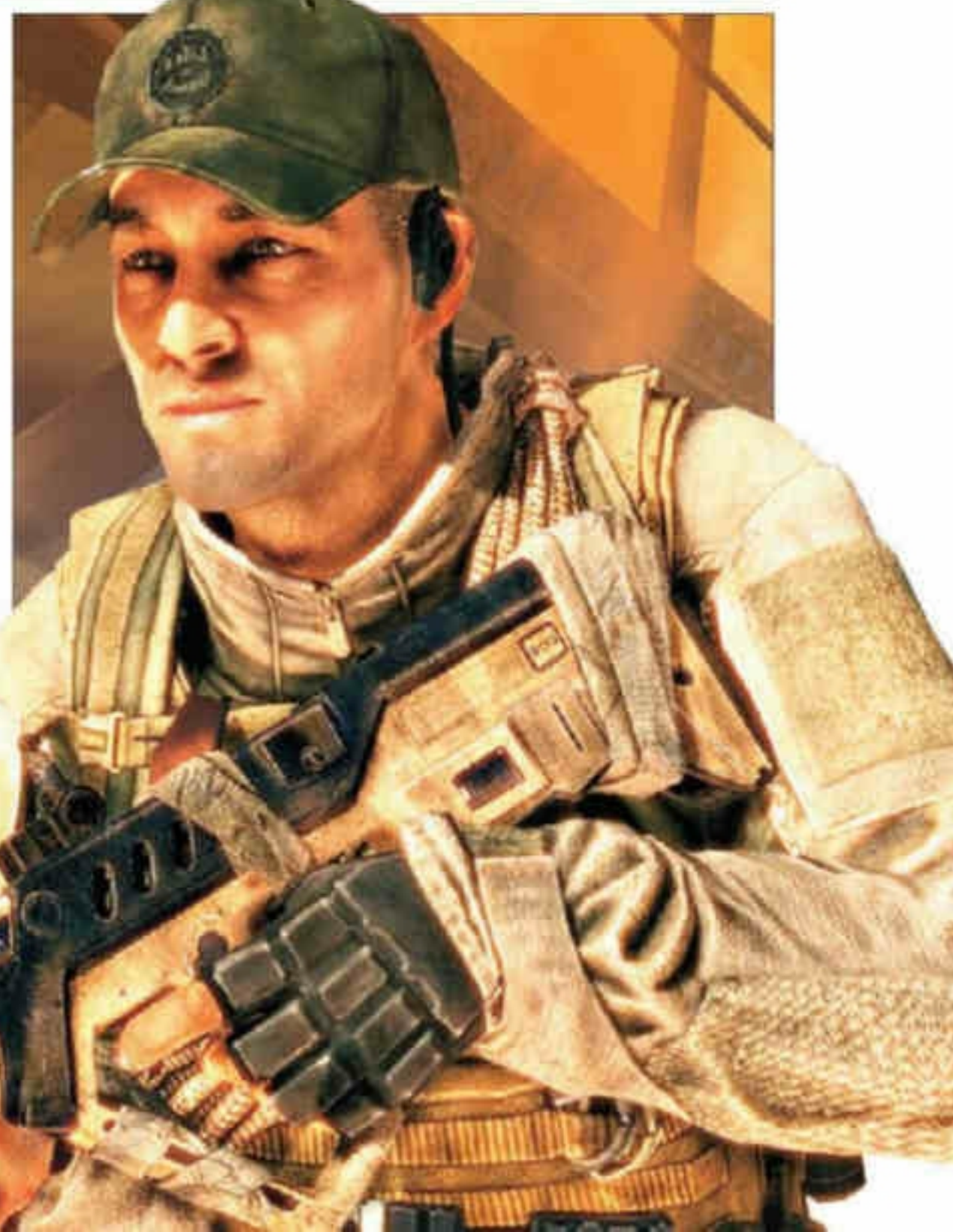


2K GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

The boundary between right and wrong is as murky as a Sahara sandstorm in *Spec Ops: The Line*. This new installment in a long-dormant series might look like every other olive-drab modern-warfare shooter, but the story treads a different path, sending the player into morally ambiguous territory instead of behind enemy lines. You control Captain Martin Walker, leader of a Delta Force team sent into Dubai to find missing U.S. Army Colonel John Konrad and his men. A series of catastrophic sandstorms has turned the richest city on Earth into a ruin, and it soon becomes clear that Konrad and his men are running amok in this lawless wasteland. It's your mission to bring the rogue colonel to heel. (If the story of a wayward officer sounds familiar, it should: *Spec Ops* was inspired by Joseph Conrad's

Heart of Darkness, which was adapted into the movie *Apocalypse Now*.)

The game's missions will send you rappelling down decrepit skyscrapers and riding shotgun in helicopter gunships, with tough decisions waiting at each break in the action. Will you take up arms against fellow U.S. soldiers? Are you willing to sacrifice the lives of allies to save innocent civilians? Combat gets just as messy, as sandstorms continue to roll in with random frequency and intensity. These maelstroms limit visibility to mere feet, leaving behind towering drifts that you can topple onto enemies if you shoot carefully. Don't feel bad about fighting dirty. In *Spec Ops'* morally bankrupt battlefield, it's the only way to survive.





DARK SOULS: PREPARE TO DIE EDITION

NAMCO BANDAI GAMES (PC)

Death lurks around every corner in this unforgiving hack-and-slash fantasy that tested the mettle of console gamers last fall. Now the deep and diabolically difficult adventure is hitting the PC in a deluxe edition, with even more dangerous enemies and new dark spaces to explore. The game sets your armored knight adrift with little direction and few save points in a sprawling, seamless world of dank dungeons, foreboding forests, and crumbling castles. Careful customization of your abilities, weapons, and spells is crucial to survival, although you won't make it 20 feet without mastering the swordplay and sorcery. In other words, only badass (or masochistic) players need apply.

INVERSION

NAMCO BANDAI GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

What blows up doesn't necessarily fall down in *Inversion*, a topsy-turvy shooter that plays like *Gears of War* with one confounding gimmick: variable gravity. Alien technology has transformed the urban battlefield into a vertigo-inducing M. C. Escher painting. Walls and ceilings have their own gravitational fields, and the concepts of up and down no longer apply. Adding to the chaos, your warrior wields a "Gravlink" weapon that nullifies the gravity around enemies and objects, letting you pluck alien invaders from behind cover or chuck cars across the battlefield. Gravlink gimmickry carries over into the multiplayer matches, too. Nothing beats pinning an unsuspecting newbie to the ground—except maybe dropping a car on him.



DIRT SHOWDOWN

CODEMASTERS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Three styles of high-octane gameplay collide in the most accessible entry yet in the *DiRT* series, which mixes street and off-road races, bone-rattling demolition derbies, and gravity-defying stunt driving in arenas spread from San Francisco to London to Tokyo. The pick-up-and-play controls will have greenhorns power-sliding around corners from the get-go, while split-screen multiplayer and online party games make it easy to race with friends—or run them off the road. A new "Crashback" camera records slow-motion clips of each event's most killer moments, letting you upload your greatest stunts and grisliest collisions to YouTube.

WAR OF THE ROSES

PARADOX INTERACTIVE (PC)

Imagine a *Call of Duty* game time-warped to medieval times, and you have *War of the Roses*. This multiplayer battle royal puts you in control of an archer, a foot soldier, and a mounted knight—or any combination of the three—then sends you charging through the bloodiest skirmishes of fifteenth-century England. You start the war as a lowly peasant without a pot helm to piss in. Successful battles yield new abilities and weapons, including axes, swords, lances, halberds—more than 60 sharp objects in all. Choose your gear based on your preferred play style. Should you use lightweight leather armor and dance nimbly through enemy ranks? Or maybe strap on 60 pounds of steel plate and take to the battlefield like a low-tech Tony Stark? It's your call. **B+**

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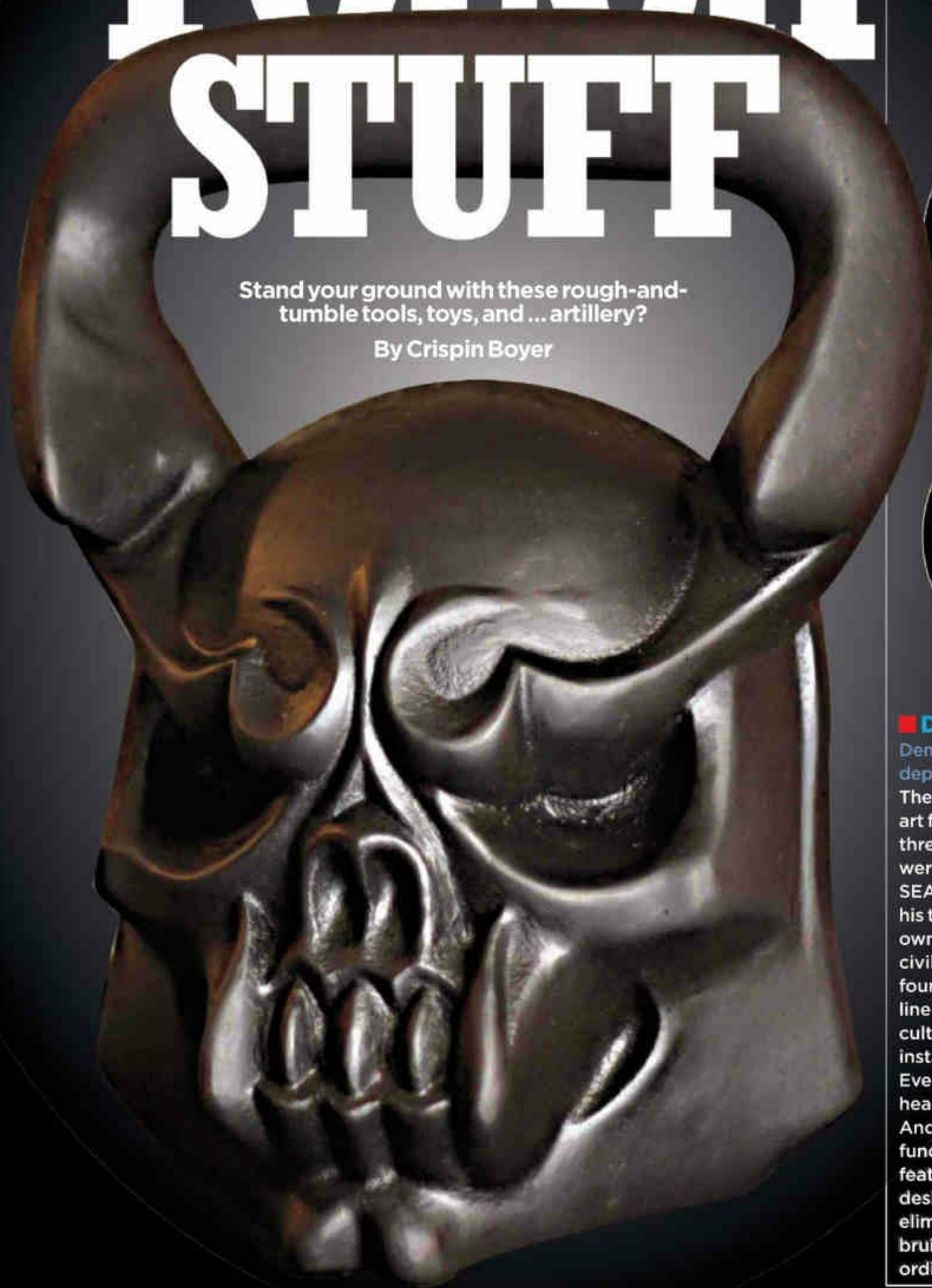
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TOUGH STUFF

Stand your ground with these rough-and-tumble tools, toys, and ... artillery?

By Crispin Boyer



■ **DemonBells**

DemonBells.com • \$80 to \$200, depending on weight

These solid-steel works of workout art fit the badass theme for at least three reasons. For starters, they were designed by a former Navy SEAL who used kettle bells during his training and decided to design his own fitness gear when he rejoined civilian life. Second: Each of the four weights in the DemonBells line is inspired by a different warrior culture. The 35-pound set, for instance, leers like a shogun demon. Even the dainty 20-pound death's head looks like a kettle bell from hell. And third: All four DemonBells are functional as well as fearsome. Each features patent-pending handle designs and smooth backs that eliminate the blisters and forearm bruises that come from snatching ordinary kettle bells.

Panasonic FZ-A1

TOUGHPAD



■ **Toughpad A1**

Panasonic • \$1,300

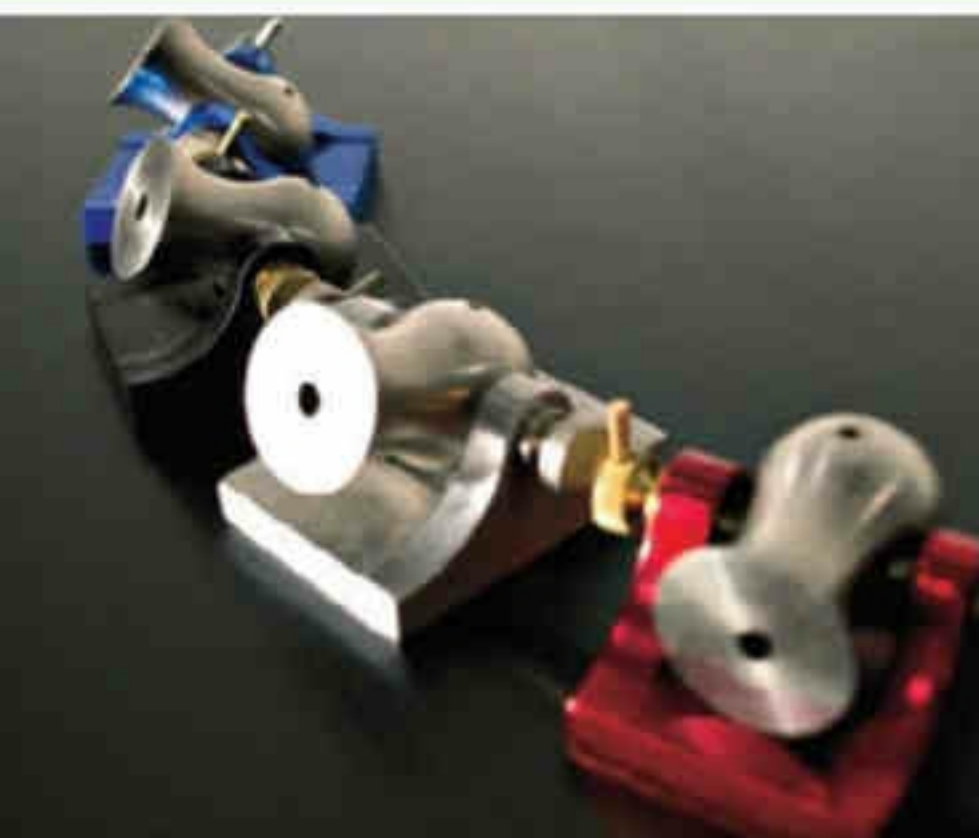
Panasonic made this sturdy tablet for two kinds of customers: badass businesspeople and anybody with butterfingers. It comes from the same R & D department that devised the Toughbook line of unbreakable laptops, and it resists water and dust damage, operates in subfreezing temperatures and Death Valley heat waves, and can survive a four-foot tumble onto concrete. The tablet will run any app in the Android marketplace (its daylight-friendly ten-inch touch screen is more than adequate for games and media), but it's at its best in places other tablets fear to tread: construction sites and the great outdoors. A wide range of business apps—along with hard-coded security features—turn the Toughpad into the ultimate tool for entrepreneurial technophiles.

■ **Money Stacks Duffle**

Sprayground • \$60

Turn every trip into an illicit-looking getaway with the Money Stacks Duffle, a badass bag bedecked with stacks of Benjamins. The 12-inch-by-17.5-inch-by-10-inch duffle is deep enough to support several days on the lam, plus it has a separate internal compartment to keep stowed sneakers from dirtying your laundry. The bag is crafted from sturdy, water-resistant polyester that won't lose its shape. Reinforced stitching, handles, and zippers stand up to rough handling when you're running for the border.





■ Mini Cannon Pocket Artillery • \$29

Meet the human-resources department's worst nightmare: a working cannon small enough for a desktop arms race or inter-cubicle combat. Just load the fist-size barrel with black powder, drop in a BB, and insert a firecracker fuse (all sold separately), then take aim and stand back. Fire in the hole! The cannon launches its BB projectile with enough force to puncture full soda cans and sever the limbs of toy army men, with a range of up to 100 yards. It's all fun and games until you read the disclaimer on the cannon-maker's website, PocketArtillery.com, which obligates buyers to proclaim that they're under no legal restriction "prohibiting the purchase or possession of a black-powder, muzzle-loading mini cannon." In other words, parolees should pass this up.

■ iNuke Boom Behringer • \$30,000

Large to the point of ludicrous, this iPod speaker dock looks more like the product of Photoshop than a bona fide speaker. But the picture doesn't lie: At eight feet wide, four feet tall, and more than 700 pounds, the aptly named iNuke Boom is the Death Star of iPod speakers. It delivers sound to match its size—a block-rocking 10,000 watts of power. True, the dock was built to promote Behringer's more reasonably sized (and priced) Eurosound line, but the company insists it will make and sell the iNuke Boom to anyone who pays the price. Perfect for those with money to burn and neighbors who deserve a good blasting. 



■ OPMOD Battle Mug Optics Planet • \$250 with handle

This is one gung ho cup of joe. The OPMOD Battle Mug is machined from a 13.5-pound block of solid aluminum and equipped with three military-spec accessory rails. These mounts let you arm the OPMOD (which stands for Optics Planet Modification, by the way) with all manner of tactical accoutrements, from assault-rifle handles (included with the \$250 model) to bipods to night-vision goggles. If the thought of adding range finders and laser scopes to a coffee cup seems silly, rest assured that even an unadorned Battle Mug packs serious heat. Its grooved base was designed to inflict blunt trauma!



■ Apocalypse Survival Kit Gerber • \$249

Anyone who's watched *The Walking Dead* knows that savvy survivors rely on bladed weapons to chop until the zombies drop. Cutlery company Gerber packed its Apocalypse Survival Kit with seven of its most effective zombie-slaying utensils: a camp ax, two machetes, a scimitar-like parang, and several knives—including one with a "titanium nitride-coated blade [that] repels the toxic residue of the undead." The kit, which was created as a cross-promotion for the AMC show, immediately sold out, but Gerber expects to have it available again in the fall; of course all the tools are available individually. Remember, they also come in handy while camping, clearing brush, and doing other nonapocalyptic tasks.



100 Years Goes by Fast

Chevy's centennial celebration keeps the Corvette in the fast lane. **By Bill Heald**



The latest Advanced Dolby Audio systems can make attending a state-of-the-art movie theater a stirring experience. But as good as it is, it still pales in comparison to the genuine surround-sound eargasm you get when you fire up the big American V-8 that powers the Chevy Corvette. Hit the starter button (it's actually a rocker switch these days) and you hear a deeply moving rumble out back, with a rockin' intake howl up front under that long, shapely hood. Even among the latest exotic supercars out there, there's something very unique about the 'Vette, and the engineers and designers have managed to instill each generation of the car with a special kind of soul you can't get anywhere else, at any price.



While the Chevrolet folks have been celebrating 100 years in the business, it's important to remember that the Corvette has been around for more than half that time. The current iteration of this sports icon is the sixth generation of the breed, and still goes its own way in delivering high performance and seductive styling. There are also traditionally distinct Corvette engineering solutions, such as the composite transverse leaf springs on the Grand Sport Coupe that help us conquer many challenging roads (with the cockpit's detachable roof panel removed, of course). This car is a marvel of compliance and control, and the handling prowess is bolstered by the standard Z16 Performance Package (including stiffer springs and stabilizer bars, specific shock absorbers, larger brakes with six-piston front and

four-piston rear cross-drilled rotors, and some seriously sticky tires). These components work in concert with optional Magnetic Selective Ride Control, an ultrasophisticated electronic system that tunes suspension damping and control on the fly, and features two settings, Tour and Sport, to suit your mood.

How does this unique system work? Well, while you're enjoying the wicked-quick steering (that makes the 'Vette go where it's pointed with impressive ease), the black box operates "magneto-rheological dampers able to detect road surfaces, that adjust the damping rates to those surfaces almost instantly for optimal ride control." In plain English, the car is constantly tweaking response in real time, and these adjustments do a great job of keeping the composite-bodied sportster on track, especially in bump-ridden corners. Of course, the delicious rumble and roar of the LS3 V-8 and its associated torque-and-pony show work in balanced harmony with a six-speed manual



transmission that is ergonomically ideal. Oh, you can get an automatic, but the manual makes the driving experience almost spiritually telepathic. Even the adjustable Active Handling stability control intervenes only when things get hairy, and it lets you enjoy a bit of tail-sliding under power. Those craving even more thrust can get the optional performance exhaust (we did), or go for the Z06 or Z1 variants with even more muscle. That said, those versions are aimed more toward the track, whereas the Grand Sport is ideal for real-world street comfort, while sacrificing little in the way of pure performance. The sculpted seats with adjustable lumbar and side-bolster support make comfort a priority, and the intimacy of a true two-seater is a perfect way to get a romantic evening off to a quick start.

To top off the joy of driving that the Corvette delivers so well, Chevy's 100th anniversary can be celebrated with the 2012 Centennial Edition in stunning Carbon Flash Metallic, along with numerous special touches inside and out. The 2013 427 Convertible (available later this summer) recognizes the Corvette's 60th year on the racetrack and road with a monster V-8 and a racing-stripe paint scheme that's as classy as it is sporty. Beneath these beautifully detailed special editions is still one of the finest sports machines in the world, still proudly crafted in the good old U.S.A. That alone is reason enough to celebrate. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door coupe/ convertible
Engine	6.2-liter V-8
Power	430 horsepower; 436 with optional exhaust
Torque	424 foot-pounds; 428 with optional exhaust
Transmission	Six-speed manual, Six-speed automatic
Front tires	275/35 ZR18
Rear tires	325/30 ZR19
Curb weight	Coupe: 3,311 pounds; convertible: 3,289 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	4 seconds
Top speed	190 mph
Fuel capacity	18 gallons
EPA mpg	16 city/26 highway
Base price	Coupe: \$56,000; as tested: \$71,980; convertible: \$59,600



The Corvette is still one of the finest sports machines in the world, **still proudly crafted in the good old U.S.A.** That's reason enough to celebrate.

Your Own Great Escape

Life imitates art, and the result is very McQueen. • By Bill Heald

Modern design is a beautiful thing, but it's important to remember that genuine cool never goes out of style. Triumph was originally founded 110 years ago, and while the company collapsed and then rose from the ashes back in the eighties, it has managed to both create cutting-edge modern motorcycles and build a range of bikes that celebrates the brand's heritage. This has been a great move for the company, because it has proved especially appealing for folks who think the perfect ride would feature the styling of the sixties but the technology and reliability of the present. The Triumph Bonneville T100 is a perfect expression of this, because not only is the "standard" version of the bike a beautiful ride, and available in several striking paint schemes, but a new limited-edition version pays tribute to one of the coolest blokes ever to throw a leg over a British motorbike: Captain Virgil Hilts (the "Cooler King"), aka Steve McQueen.

The Great Escape, released in 1963, was one of McQueen's most famous films and featured a great near escape in which Hilts jumped his stolen German military motorcycle over a substantial barbed-wire fence. While McQueen was an accomplished motorcyclist and did most of his own riding, the jump was performed by his friend, talented racer and stunt artist Bud Ekins. The bike Ekins constructed for the sequence wasn't German at all,

but a modified Triumph TR6, and now, 60 years later, the McQueen estate has worked with Triumph to produce an officially licensed McQueen Edition Bonneville T100. This timeless movie star is pretty much mechanically identical to the rest of the T100s, and has Triumph's classic air-cooled 865-cc vertical-twin engine with its user-friendly spread of power, made all the more responsive thanks to state-of-the-art fuel injection. A five-speed transmission gets the power to the ground via traditional chain drive, and even though the






PHOTOGRAPH © CHADWICK MCQUEEN AND THE TERRY MCQUEEN TESTAMENTARY TRUST

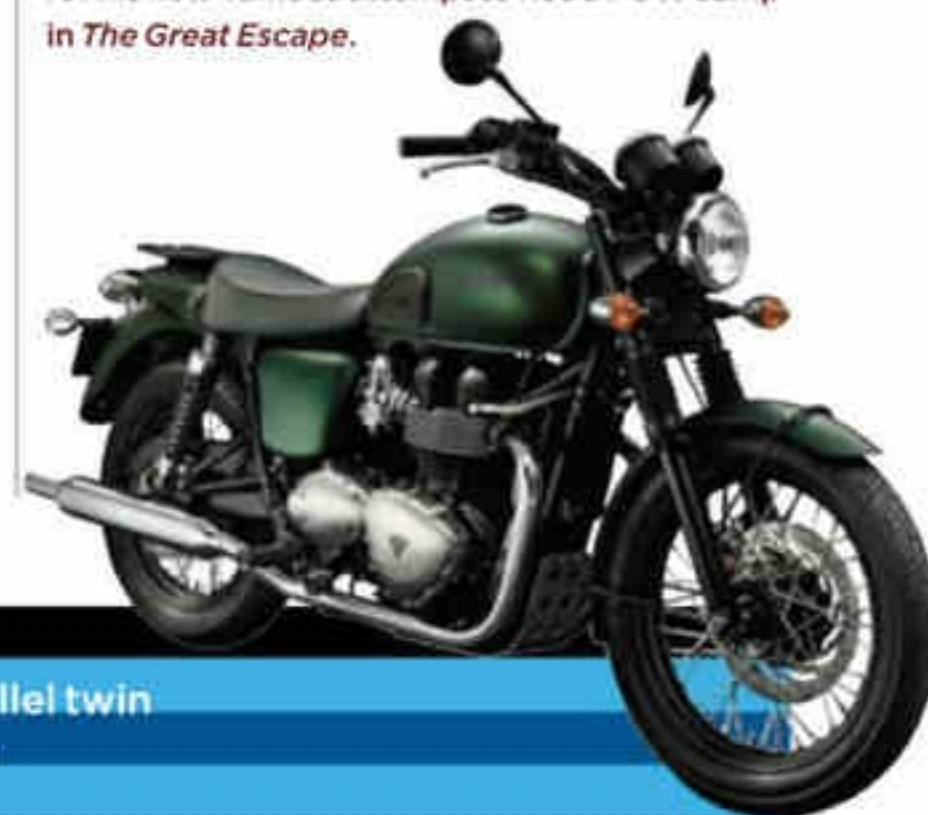
front forks and twin rear shocks look right out of the sixties, they're actually very contemporary units.

The McQueen treatment (of which only 1,100 units will be built) includes a skid plate and blacked-out wheel rims and hubs, handlebars, rear springs, mirrors, and front mudguard supports. And just like the bike in the film, the solo seat is followed by a tool rack. The paint scheme is a green-khaki military hue with a stencil-style Triumph logo, making the bike a minimalist masterpiece, and very true to what was seen on-screen all those years ago. Of course, the McQueen

signature on the side cover is more contemporary, and a fitting tribute to very memorable badasses, both man and motorcycle.

All the Bonneville T100s are beautiful bikes—proof that when styling works, it can transcend generations. The McQueen Edition is now part of the legacy of this proud Triumph tradition, and a very cool way to roll (even if the Nazis aren't chasing you). 

Steve McQueen was a Triumph enthusiast, and insisted on riding one of the company's bikes for his now-famous attempt to flee a POW camp in *The Great Escape*.



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled parallel twin
Bore x stroke	90 mm x 68 mm
Displacement	865 cc
Fuel system	Multipoint sequential electronic injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	41-mm telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Twin shocks, preload adjustable
Front brake	Single 310-mm disc, two-piston floating caliper
Rear brake	Single 225-mm disc, two-piston floating caliper
Front tire	100/90 R19
Rear tire	130/80 R17
Fuel tank	4.2-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	59 inches
Seat height	30.5 inches
Curb weight	506 pounds
Base price	\$9,999





right aural ambience. "It's a great party atmosphere," says Drew Denny, a local columnist and photographer. "Beautiful women from all over the Midwest come to play, whether it's sipping cocktails while sunbathing in the afternoon, or dancing in bikinis with their entourage at night."

KC at the Bat

Kansas City, Missouri, deserves its nickname, the Heart of America. The city pulses with energy, particularly at night. If you're in town for the All-Star Game, get in on the fun.

By Joe Diamond

BARS

■ **Howl at the Moon Kansas City** **HowlAtTheMoon.com**

Sing, dance, and—yes—howl the night away as musicians rev up the crowd with high-energy tunes from the seventies to today on pianos, guitars, and more. You never know when a celebrity might pop up: Blues Traveler frontman John Popper once came by, whipped out his harmonica, and jammed with the house band. In a 2011 poll of out-of-towners sponsored by the Kansas City Convention & Visitors Association, Howl won Favorite Nightlife Spot. The association lauded the renowned rock 'n' roll dueling-

pianos bar for its "one-of-a-kind crowd interaction, nonstop sing-alongs, and laugh-out-loud improv tunes." The bar is located directly across the street from the Sprint Center in the Power & Light District, downtown KC's entertainment hub.

■ **The Jones** **TheJonesKC.com**

Located on the rooftop above Cosentino's Market Downtown, the city's first and only ultra-pool has a huge deck with private cabanas, a swim-up bar, and a stunning view of downtown. Deeja's from Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and Kansas City are on hand daily to create the

■ **PBR Big Sky** **PBRBigSkyKC.com**

Welcome to the P & L District's favorite cowboy bar. "If country is your flavor, this will fill that appetite," says Denny. "There's plenty of eye candy, with waitresses and bartenders in flattering flannel, cutoffs, and chaps. You can try your hand at the mechanical bull, or spend the evening watching the girls try it and fail. You can come to their rescue. The men-versus-women ratio heavily leans toward women, so your odds go way up as soon as you walk in the door. If you know how to two-step, you're halfway home."

■ **Tengo Sed Cantina** **TengoSedCantina.com**

The slogan says it all at this Latin-flavored P & L District hangout: All fiesta, no siesta! Local girls come here to get their drink on and gyrate on a long floor full of stripper poles. Sometimes they get free shots for making out together onstage. A Yelp.com reviewer said it's full of "crazy drunk chicks. It's like a sorority train wreck." Really? How do we get onboard?

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (THE JONES/AMERISTAR CASINO HOTEL) KANSAS CITY POWER & LIGHT DISTRICT, (PBR BIG SKY/HOWL AT THE MOON/AURA) BY DREW DENNY



Howl at the Moon Kansas City



Ameristar Casino Hotel

■ Martini Corner MartiniCorner.com

A couple of miles south of the Power & Light District you'll find another magnet for fun-seekers. "Martini Corner is well known for co-op street parties where patrons get an outside venue and all four bars for one admission, usually with each bar doing a different theme," says Denny. "The Drop is a little more reserved and relaxing; Sol Cantina is a half-indoor, half-outdoor club mix; Velvet Dog has a multilevel college-dorm atmosphere; and the Monaco is a hot late-night dance club. There are plenty of options to keep you going all night." (TheDropBar.com; SolCantina.com; VelvetDog.com; MonacoKC.com)

■ The Granfalloon TheGranfalloon.com

Head a few miles south on Main Street from Martini Corner and you'll hit another nightlife hub, the Country Club Plaza, an upscale shopping mecca. The Plaza is home to some four dozen restaurants and watering holes, including the Granfalloon. For All-Star Week, Mary Anne McNeish, About.com's Kansas City guide, puts this "at the top of the hookup list. The two-story bar is one of the most popular on the Plaza, and is usually filled to the brim during huge games and sporting events. Expect girls in everything from jeans and T-shirts to cocktail dresses." Sounds like our kind of place.

DANCE CLUB

■ Aura AuraKC.com

This boutique nightclub just outside downtown, in the Art District, is not shy about touting its virtues. On its website, Aura refers to itself as a "liquor-fueled playhouse designed for the discerning clubgoer that features top-notch sound, intelligent lighting, lasers, and go-go dancers." Drew Denny is a fan. "Besides a great atmosphere and some of the best deejays, my favorite thing is the staff," he says. "Every employee plays a part to ensure that all the patrons are having a great time and getting tremendous service, whether it's a go-go dancer who jumps into a group photo or a bouncer who clears away drinks and asks if he can get you anything. I also like that the VIP areas are right up close to the action."

HOTEL HOT SPOT

■ Ameristar Casino Hotel Ameristar.com

The 140,000-square-foot casino, located just east of downtown, is one of four full-gaming establishments in KC, and one of the county's largest. The casino has more than 2,800 slot and video-poker machines, and 57

table games. Ameristar recently eliminated the \$500 loss limit, opening the door to Vegas-style high-stakes gambling. If games of chance leave you cold, the hotel has nine restaurants, including the sports bar Amerisports Brew Pub. Among its signature brews is a Bohemian-style pilsner, Knock Out Blond, whose name was, no doubt, inspired by some of the fair-haired beauties who patronize the pub.

PARTY TROLLEY

■ The KC Strip KCTrolleyTours.com

Several years ago, Kansas City decided that its rudimentary public-transportation system should not be an obstacle to barhopping. Hence, the launch of this "hop-on, hop-off trolley that [takes] you to KC's nightlife hot spots," according to Mary Anne McNeish. A \$10 KC Strip Pass provides unlimited transportation among the main nightlife areas, including the Power & Light District, Martini Corner, and the Country Club Plaza. The wristband even gets you food and drink specials at participating bars. Drinking is allowed on the trolley, but you have to bring your own booze. Trolleys run every 10 to 15 minutes on Fridays and Saturdays, from 7 P.M. to 3 A.M.

Kansas City's trolley provides unlimited transportation among nightlife areas—all for a \$10 pass that also gets you food and drink specials.

MEET MARKET

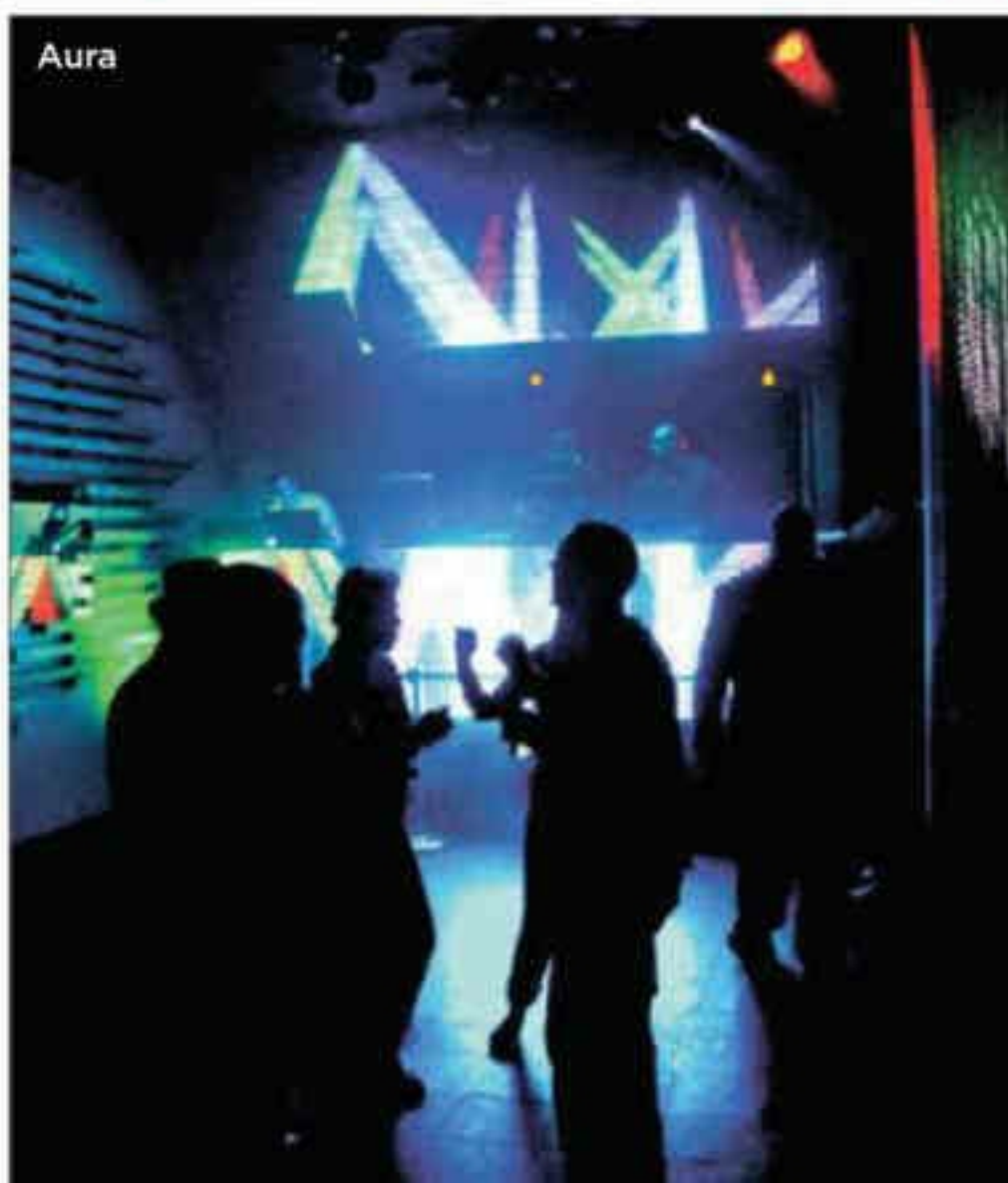
■ Cosentino's Market Downtown Cosentinos.com

Downtown Kansas City's first grocery store features more than 45,000 products, as well

as on-the-go cuisine, an 83-foot salad bar, a gourmet-cheese island, a bakery, a sushi bar, video rentals, and more.

"This is where you'll see everyone during the daytime," says P & L District marketing director Rachel Waller.

"Without question, the place for downtown Kansas City young urban professionals to pick up is Cosentino's," says local blogger Tony Botello of TonysKansasCity.com. "There's a dining room and a coffee house-type balcony loft that provides a perfect place to start a conversation. Even better, local ladies parade around in their business-casual best before, during, and after work, so it's nice people-watching." **A—**



Aura



SCOUNDREL



I recently got out of a four-year relationship, and I didn't just lose a girlfriend—she was also my best friend. But what really sucked was that she took my testicles, so to speak. Let me explain: My girl was crazy hot. On a scale of one to five, she was a porn star. To say she was out of my league is a gross understatement. I held on to her by treating her like a princess and catering to her every whim. The most embarrassing example: She used to freak out when the Laundromat shrunk her clothes, so I bought her a washer and dryer, and eventually ended up doing her laundry for her. Ironically enough, it all backfired. She told me I was too much of a pushover and she needed to date someone with more backbone. Now I've reentered the dating pool, but I have no idea how to get my mojo back.

Right now you are one big can of Reddi-wip. It's only a matter of time before another girl comes along and pussy whips your ass till you have clit marks all over it.

Your manliness is a muscle, and yours has atrophied into the consistency of that loofah sponge you bathed your girl with every time she asked. You need to build this muscle back up before you can lift 100-pound barbells. I know you want to just stroll into a restaurant and ask your date, "Your place or mine?" Trust me when I say that if you do that in your pathetically malformed condition, she'll put you in your place, not join you there.

Start with some light lifting: Invite a desperate divorcée for a date at Denny's. Make a list of five things to ask her about herself and ask nothing more. Women hate silence, especially on a first date, so she'll do the work and ask about you. Use this chance to get back in the habit of talking yourself up, but never mention the ex, except to prove that you're capable of a long-term relationship. Make her want you. Now repeat it on another date, with a more desirable girl. Keep taking baby steps. Eventually, you won't be perceived as a pushover, and you'll be quietly slipping out of her bed at the end of a date.

Exercise Your Manhood

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to regain your badass attitude.

Illustration by Celia Calle

The Rye Stuff

It's dry, spicy, and packs a wallop. Yep, whiskey is making a comeback at the bar. And hey, drinking it is patriotic!

By Joshua M. Bernstein

For much of the past century, rye whiskey has been the red-headed stepchild of America's brown-spirits clan, as attention and accolades were showered upon corn-based bourbon and its signature smoothness and sweetness.

But rye whiskey is made with at least 51 percent rye, a hearty, resilient grain that gives the spirit a lean, peppery profile and a crisp, palate-drying character. It's as if bourbon decided to go punk rock. However, rye whiskey's birth dates back to an era long before the Ramones. It gained in popularity after the American Revolution, when imports of molasses (the raw ingredient for rum, which was then America's favored spirit) became expensive or erratic. Looking to fill the boozy void, intrepid Irish and Scottish settlers—and even George Washington—distilled whiskey made from the bountiful fields of rye. The spicy, aromatic spirit caught on, and over the next 150 years it became the nation's dominant distilled inebriant, making its home in iconic cocktails such as the Manhattan and Sazerac.

Post-Prohibition, few rye distilleries reopened, and American tastes changed from rough-and-tumble rye to lighter spirits. But in the past decade, rye has begun its slow, spicy climb upward. Credit goes to bartenders, who began unearthing and re-creating vintage recipes.

While excellent old-guard brands such as the rich and peppery 100-proof Rittenhouse Rye, and the dry, lightly spicy Old Overholt never

ceased production, the framework of the modern rye resurgence was laid in 1996, when Anchor Distilling Company debuted its liquid time machine: Old Potrero single-malt whiskey, which re-creates an eighteenth-century spirit that Washington might've been proud to distill. The secret is aging the all-rye spirit in oak barrels that are lightly toasted, not charred to a crisp. But be careful when sipping Potrero: It's bottled without being diluted, so you'll need to add a dollop of water or an ice cube to open up the vibrant, spicy flavor. (The distillery also offers a nineteenth-century version, which is aged in charred-oak barrels. You'll taste spicy flavors, and a bit of the charred intensity as well.)

Nowadays, "The rye category has exploded," says Bill Owens, the president of the American Distilling Institute. In Iowa, the balanced, butterscotch-kissed Templeton Rye is crafted according to a recipe dating back to the Prohibition era. Utah's High West marries two-year-old and 16-year-old ryes to create

its smooth, cinnamon-accented Double Rye. Chicago's Koval Distillery crafts the Lion's Pride Organic rye whiskey, which is made with 100 percent rye grain and aged in either lightly toasted or heavily charred new American-oak barrels.

While small-batch rye whiskey can be revelatory, those relatively rare bottles can require loads of legwork to uncover. For a worthy, widely available alternative, try Knob Creek's newly released, 100-proof rye-whiskey version. It's a warming wonder, with a dry, herbal character and plenty of spice to boot. Bulleit Rye checks in at 90 proof, trading boozy *oomph* for a luscious mouthfeel, notes of cherries, and a lovely, lingering peppery spice. Then there's the curiously appealing Tap 357. The Canadian-born rye whiskey (it's made with a lower percentage of the grain than its American counterparts) is blended with maple syrup harvested in Quebec, resulting in a smooth, layered flavor that's somewhat akin to drinking breakfast. Like its fellow whiskeys, this is rye reenvisioned. **O+**





bottomsup

Meet Emma Mae, a 34-25-37 bartender and erotic model from Wilmington, North Carolina. This curvaceous sex kitten can pour our drinks anytime.

Photographs by Christopher Love



StoreMags

"I don't have a type when it comes to men, but I love tall, funny guys. Oh, and I hate it when guys ask about my tattoos as a pick-up line."





"The most daring thing I've ever done is get a corset piercing. It's temporary, but so cool. They pierce two rows all down your back, then lace it up."









"I generally stick to the basics. My favorite way to stay in shape is with a good old-fashioned workout ... and by banging, of course."



SEE MORE OF EMMA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



THE

**IT'S TIME TO CELEBRATE THE BADASS,
THAT UNIQUE INDIVIDUAL
WHO THRIVES ON ADVERSITY, RISES
TO THE OCCASION, AND
KICKS TAIL WHEN NECESSARY.**

Navy SEAL Team Six

In the six years we've been compiling our annual American Badass List, we've avoided repeating a name, but we can't help but give a second shout-out to these guys from the United States Naval Special Warfare Development Group. Last year, of course, they brought down public enemy No. 1, Osama bin Laden. This time, we honor them for adding yet another chapter to their rapidly expanding legend by attacking a hardened pirate compound near the town of Adado, Somalia, on January 25, 2012. A particularly brazen band of Somali pirates, dangerous nautical terrorists with nothing to lose, had kidnapped two aid workers during a raid three months earlier, and it was becoming obvious that time was running out to save them. Increasingly concerned that the pirates might make good on their threats to execute the American woman and Danish man they were holding, the men of Team Six were dispatched to fast-rope into the compound in the middle of the night and get the hostages out alive. In a short, effective assault—the details of which might never be known—the SEALs busted in and wiped out the terrorist group, killing nine pirates and recovering both hostages safely.—*Ben Thompson*

CRITIC

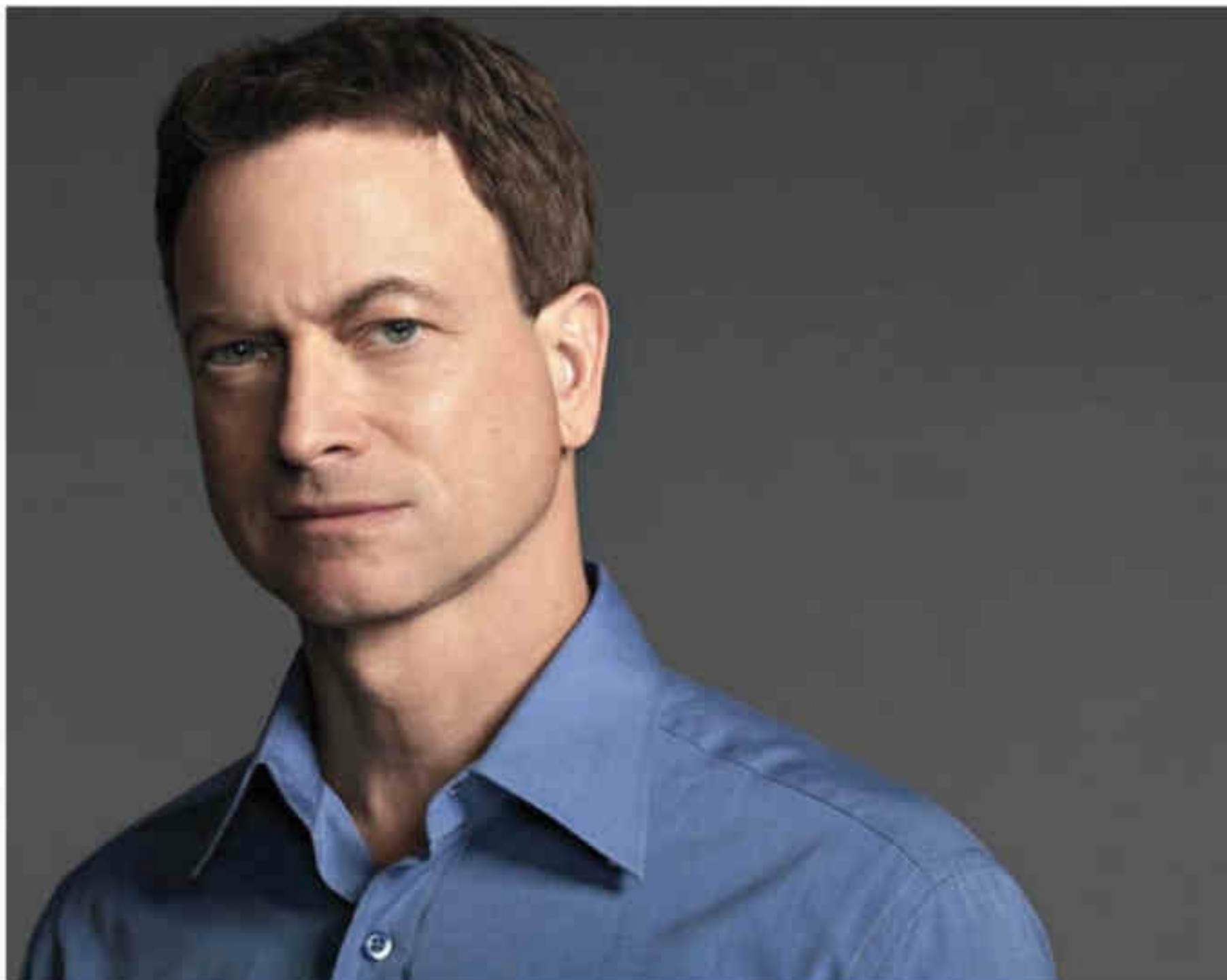
J. R. Martinez

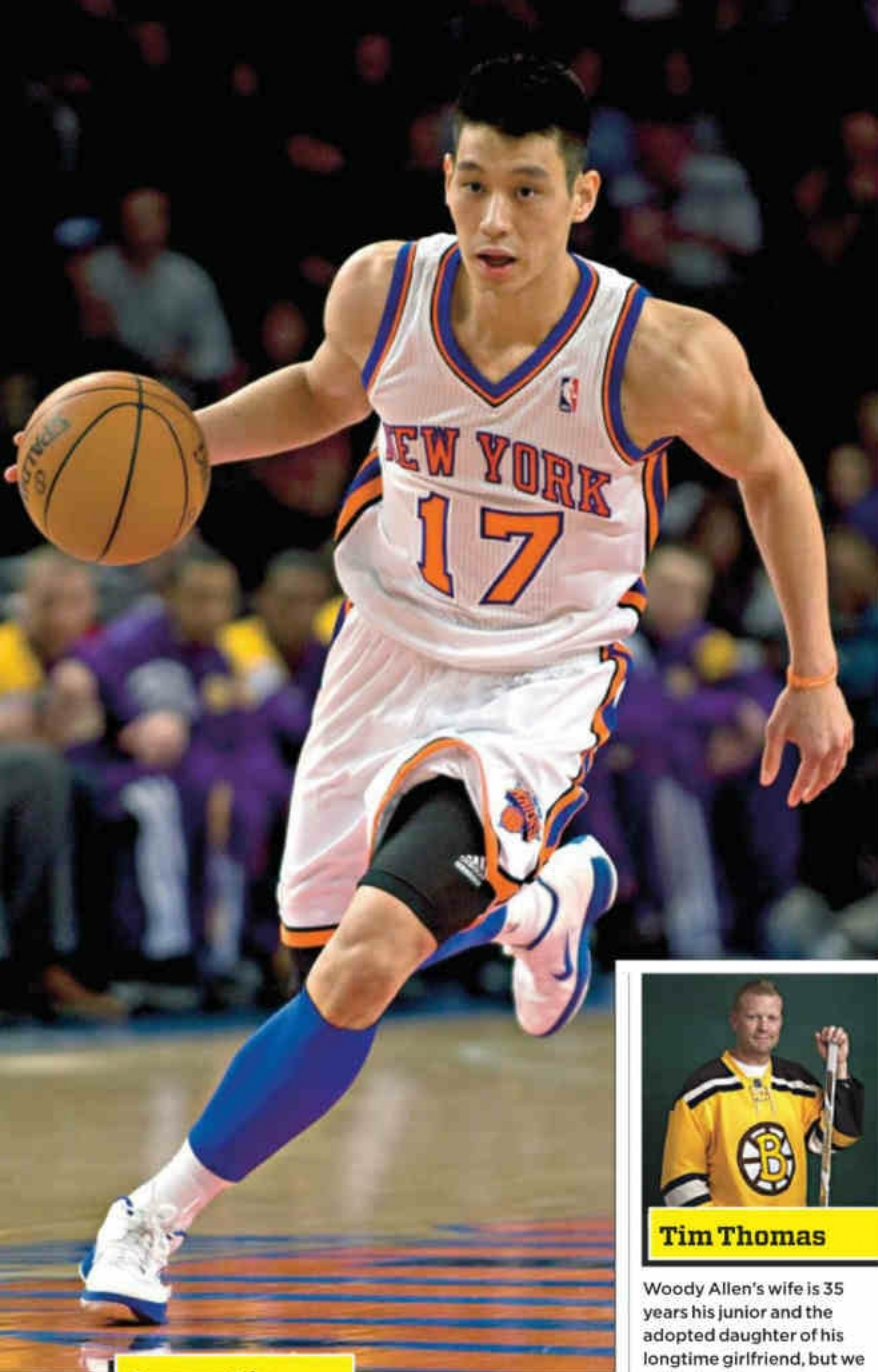
We never thought we'd put the words "badass" and "mirror-ball trophy" in the same sentence, but Martinez proved us wrong. After driving over an IED in Iraq in 2003, Martinez suffered severe burns over 40 percent of his body, and spent almost three years in the burn unit at Brooke Army Medical Center. The burns destroyed his nerves, the smoke damaged his lungs, and he was put in a medically induced coma. Survival itself would have been enough of a victory, but Martinez recovered, then went on to give pep talks to fellow burn victims, parlaying that into a career as a motivational speaker. In a weird twist of fate, his injuries made him the perfect choice for the role of a wounded vet on *All My Children*. His soap fame landed him a spot on last year's *Dancing With the Stars*, where he charmed and cha-cha-ed his way to the big prize, all the while keeping the issue of wounded servicemen and -women in the limelight. So, yeah, we can officially say the mirror ball got some badass cred.—Kara Wahlgren

Building for America's Bravest

When the Gary Sinise Foundation joined forces with the Tunnels to Towers Foundation, actor/musician Gary Sinise (below) and Frank Siller, brother of fallen 9/11 firefighter Stephen Siller, knew that their mission to spotlight the issue of inadequate housing for our severely wounded warriors wouldn't be easy. Building for America's Bravest raises money to build "smart homes" for quadruple amputees, each based on a veteran's specific needs. TTT sponsors an annual 5K run/walk through the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel to commemorate the path to the Twin Towers taken by Stephen Siller. Sinise performs with the Lt. Dan Band, named after his *Forrest Gump* character, at the post-run ceremonies, but also gives concerts around the United States. Firefighters and construction companies provide labor and materials. It's a worthy effort for an even worthier cause: providing for those who have helped keep us safe. You can contribute through the websites for both organizations.—Deirdre Goldbeck

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (J.R. MARTINEZ) PRNEWS/FOTO/NATIONAL REHABILITATION HOSPITAL, (GARY SINISE) ART STREIBER/CBS PHOTO ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES





Jeremy Lin

You could scour the annals of basketball history, from George Mikan to LeBron James, and not find another story quite like that of New York Knicks point guard Jeremy Lin. Undrafted out of Harvard University in 2010, the six-foot-three-inch Lin was waived by both the Golden State Warriors and the Houston Rockets before latching on with the Knicks as a fourth-string guard. On February 4—just days before Lin would either be cut or have his 2011-12 contract guaranteed—Knicks coach Mike D'Antoni inserted him into a game against the New Jersey Nets. The rest is a flash point in NBA history: Lin produced 25 points, five rebounds, and seven assists, while guiding New York to a 99-92 victory. He went on to lead the Knicks to a seven-game winning streak that turned their season around. His season may have ended prematurely with a knee injury, but this was only the beginning for the first American player of Chinese or Taiwanese descent in NBA history. *Bad. Ass.—John Bolster*



Tim Thomas

Woody Allen's wife is 35 years his junior and the adopted daughter of his longtime girlfriend, but we still enjoy his movies. So the fact that Thomas said Glenn Beck is the famous person he'd most like to have dinner with shouldn't detract from his considerable skills between the pipes—or his interesting backstory. After graduating from the University of Vermont in 1997, Thomas bounced around the minor leagues and Europe before finding a place with the Bruins in 2005. It wasn't until 2008, at the age of 34, that he solidified his starting spot. He made the most of it, with four All-Star appearances, and, in 2011, becoming the first goalie since 1974 to win the Stanley Cup, Vezina (top goaltender), and Conn Smythe (playoff MVP) trophies in one season. —J.B.



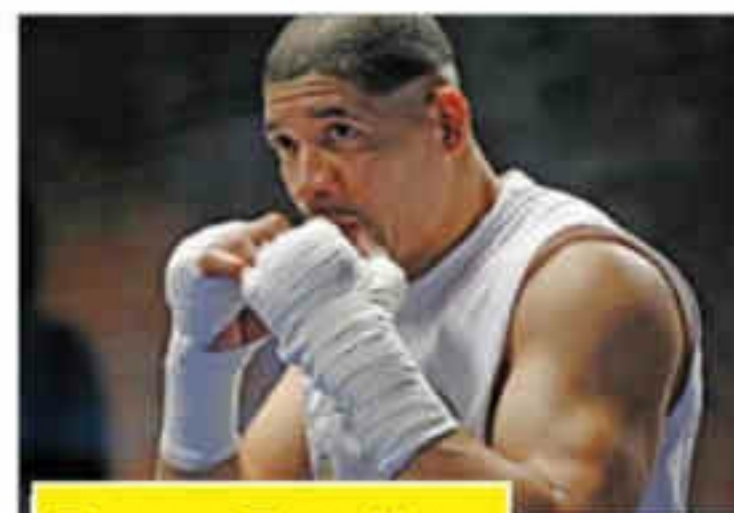
Eli Manning

New York Giants quarterback Eli Manning has always been the shy little brother, performing in the lengthy shadow of his older sibling, Peyton, an NFL superstar since 1998. While Peyton racked up MVP awards and Pro Bowl appearances, Eli seemed to produce a low for every high in the early years of his career. In his third season, though, after having his ability publicly questioned by Giants owner John Mara, Manning led the Giants on an improbable championship run, spearheading a stunning upset of the previously undefeated New England Patriots in Super Bowl XLII. Yet respect was still slow to come. Cut to this past season, when Eli's claim that he was a member of the NFL's elite class of quarterbacks was met with mild skepticism as the Giants sputtered to a 9-7 record. But come playoff time, Manning and the Giants marched to the Super Bowl, and defeated the favored Patriots again. Amid all the accolades on Peyton's glittering résumé, you'll notice just one Super Bowl title. Little brother now has two—and counting. —J.B.



Dallas Seavey

We'll be honest—we don't know a whole hell of a lot about the Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race. We do know that it's cold, grueling, and long—from Anchorage to Nome, Alaska, which is probably even longer than it sounds. Also, there are blizzards, it can take up to two weeks to finish, and the winner is one tough *hombre* (or, in the case of Libby Riddles and Susan Butcher, *chica*). Seavey, a 25-year-old from Willow, Alaska, became the youngest person ever to win the fabled race, crossing the finish line after 9 days, 4 hours, 29 minutes, and 26 seconds. The record-breaker comes by his dogsled-racing skills naturally: His grandfather, Dan Seavey, competed in the first two Iditarods (1973 and 1974), and his father, Mitch Seavey, won in 2004; Dallas beat them both in 2012. —J.B.



Dewey Bozella

Convicted of murder in 1983, Bozella spent 26 years in Sing Sing, always maintaining his innocence. He was retried and offered a deal in 1990—freedom if he admitted his guilt—but he refused. As the years added up, Bozella earned a bachelor's and master's degree, while becoming the light-heavyweight champion. It wasn't until the Innocence Project took an interest in his case that his conviction was finally overturned. In 2011, at age 52, he became the oldest boxer to make a professional debut, taking on a 30-year-old opponent at the Staples Center. And he won. Now Bozella spends his free time helping to transition newly released prisoners back into society, and mentoring at-risk kids through boxing—his way of giving others a fighting chance. —D.G.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) CORBIS/ANTHONY J. CAUSI/ICOM SMI, AP PHOTO/TOM HAUCK, AP PHOTO/MATT ROURKE, CORBIS/RON LEVY, JENNIFER POTTHEISER/GETTY IMAGES

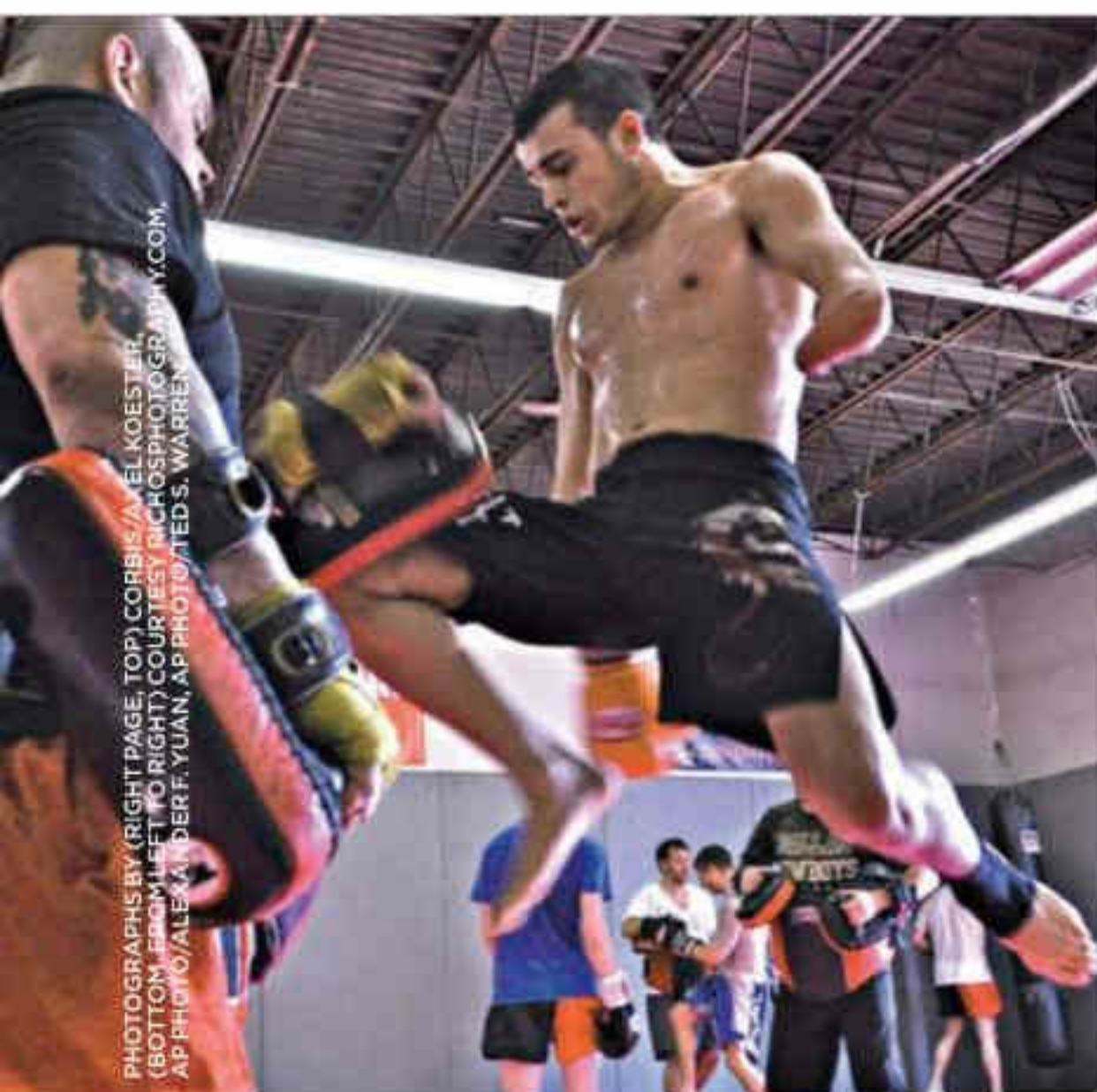
Jeb Corliss

Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's bat-shit crazy skydiver/BASE jumper Jeb Corliss, wearing nothing more than a helmet and a flying squirrel-like wing suit, rocketing through the air at 120 miles an hour! (When he wants to rejoin the citizens of the planet Earth, he opens a parachute.) Corliss's most badass feat took place in China's Hunan Province last September. The 36-year-old jumped out of a helicopter at 6,000 feet and sailed through a 100-foot-wide natural archway in Tianmen Mountain. As one YouTube commenter put it, "How the hell did his balls fit through that cave?" In January 2012, Corliss had a heart-stopping close call. Zooming down the granite face of South Africa's Table Mountain, he clipped his waist on a ledge and went somersaulting over it. Incredibly, he righted himself in midair and flew until he could deploy his parachute, limiting the damage to two broken ankles, a broken fibula, a torn ACL, and a gaping wound in his right shin. —J.B.



Nick "Notorious" Newell

You have to see it to believe it, but this 26-year-old is one tough guy. His claim to fame? He's the only undefeated, one-armed MMA fighter. Newell, whose left arm ends just below the elbow, was born with a condition called congenital amputation. When he first started wrestling in high school, he wasn't very good, but his most recent win at XFC 17 was the first fight that went three rounds. It was grueling, but he received the majority decision. His record stands at 7-0, with one TKO, five submissions, and one decision. —D.G.



Jeff Fabry

After Jeff Fabry lost most of his right arm and right leg in a motorcycle accident at age 15, he refused to just sit at home while his friends went out hunting. Fabry used his ingenuity, his determination, and his *teeth* to become one of the world's best archers. Fabry pulls his arrows back by using a special mouthpiece he designed from a nylon dog leash. He's now a five-time Special Games world champion and a three-time Paralympic medalist, and he's hoping to go for the gold in London during the 2012 Summer Olympics. —D.G.

The Badass Project

Johnny B. Truant's exposure to the "audacious badass" was when he realized Rick Allen, Def Leppard's drummer, had continued his rock 'n' roll career after losing an arm. Truant began to take note of other people who accomplished amazing things despite disabilities or serious diseases, people who lived their lives not only as if there were nothing wrong with them, but accomplishing even more than the average person. TheBadassProject.com celebrates these people who don't use their physical challenges as an excuse. It's a message for anyone who has put off trying to reach a goal or go on an adventure due to what Truant calls "bullshit excusitis." He says, "What we do here is show you how stupid and self-limiting your excuses are for not being all you can be.... To make you understand that playing it safe all the time is a recipe for a sorry life." Each week Truant interviews a new badass, so you have plenty to check out on the website the next time you can't get your ass off the couch. —Christine Colby



The New York Initiative

These costumed, crime-fighting vigilantes keep the streets of Gotham—er, New York City—safe. The splinter group of the Real Life Superhero movement, a worldwide network of costumed characters, consists of Titan, BattleStar, and Dark Guardian, among others. Last spring, they launched their Stand Against Fear campaign, offering to protect prostitutes from a serial killer. The Initiative plans to begin the Power Up Tour, a training and safety program for Neighborhood Watches and Block Guardians nationwide, providing lessons in self-defense, legalities, and medical assistance. Let's just hope none of them model themselves after the Crimson Bolt. —C.C.



Jonah Hill

In 2010, Hill was nominated for a Teen Choice Award for kissing Russell Brand. In 2011 he delivered an out-of-the-ballpark performance in *Moneyball* and earned an Oscar nomination. Suffice to say it was a transformative year. Hill was known for his roles as the abrasive fat guy in *Superbad*, *Knocked Up*, and *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, but he slimmed down to step into his first dramatic role, as *Moneyball*'s (literally) calculating assistant manager. Thankfully, rather than going all serious-actor, he wrote, produced, and starred in a freaking hilarious big-screen version of *21 Jump Street*. Next up, the sci-fi comedy *The Watch*. Gold statuettes are nice, but we're glad Hill hasn't become too cool for his comedy roots. —K.W.



George Takei

A 75-year-old actor known mostly for playing Hikaru Sulu on *Star Trek* back in the sixties has won the internet. He doubtless has more online friends than you do. He's carried the Olympic Flame. He has an asteroid named after him. He and his husband, Brad, were the first same-sex couple to apply for a marriage license in West Hollywood, and, even cooler, were the first same-sex couple to appear on *The Newlywed Game*. (They won, of course.) A tireless campaigner for gay rights, Takei created an online public-service ad in 2011 in response to Tennessee's "Don't Say Gay" bill; in the ad, the actor suggests using his name as a substitute. The "It's OK to be Takei" campaign went viral. Now that he's conquered Facebook and Twitter with his geek humor and activism, he's turning his sights to Broadway, developing a production about Japanese-American internment camps. Now, what have you done with your day, sonny?—C.C.



Jason Dowd and David Gonzalez

Some people like to speculate about how much ass they'd kick in a midair crisis (we're looking at you, Mark Wahlberg)—and some people actually kick ass. Former New York City corrections officer David Gonzalez was on a flight from Kennedy Airport to Las Vegas when the pilot, Clayton Osborn, flipped his lid. His quick-thinking copilot, Jason Dowd, reportedly tricked Osborn into checking on something in the cabin, then changed the code and locked him out of the cockpit. Osborn tried to break down the door while screaming comments about, among other things, Jesus, September 11, and terrorists. When the copilot called for help, Gonzalez sprang into action and choked out the overexcited captain. With the help of a few fellow passengers, Gonzalez restrained Osborn until the plane made an emergency landing in Amarillo, Texas. Hailed as a hero, Gonzalez modestly said, "The hero of that aircraft was the copilot. The copilot was smart enough to get him out of the cockpit and then radio in. If it wasn't for that, I probably wouldn't be here right now." —K.W.



Frank Hall

It takes a certain brand of badass to run *toward* a hail of bullets. When a student opened fire in the cafeteria at Chardon High School in Ohio earlier this year, killing three students, assistant football coach and study-hall teacher Hall risked his own life to stop the gunman. Hall chased him out of the building, at one point ducking behind a vending machine to dodge bullets when the assailant opened fire on him. His heroics not only prevented the gunman from claiming more victims, but they also saved police from doing a time-consuming search of the classrooms, which may have enabled them to track down the guilty party more quickly. —K.W.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (GEORGE TAKEI) AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, (JONAH HILL) AP PHOTO/THE CANADIAN PRESS, NATHAN DENETTE, (DAVID GONZALEZ) AP PHOTO/OSCAR GARCIA, (FRANK HALL) AP PHOTO/THE COLUMBIAN DISPATCH, SHARI LEWIS, (JASON RUSSELL) PETER KRAMER/NBC/GETTY IMAGES

**Jason Russell**

On March 5, 2012, this activist posted a short documentary online, hoping to draw some awareness to the war crimes of Ugandan rebel leader Joseph Kony. The graphic, heart-wrenching film struck a nerve, and YouTube users clicked and shared like it was a new Justin Bieber single. By the end of March, the video had been viewed more than 100 million times. If awareness was the goal, Russell delivered. But the internet giveth, and the internet taketh away. Critics slammed *Kony 2012* for overstating the danger, oversimplifying the solution, and pandering to online "slacktivists." With a few million haters vilifying his pet cause, Russell apparently lost it. On March 15, he was found on a street corner in San Diego—mostly nude, pounding the sidewalk, and screaming incoherently. He was detained and treated for exhaustion and brief reactive psychosis, and the bulk of his online army moved on to the next viral video. But Russell put a largely ignored cause on the radar of everyone from George Clooney to Kim Kardashian; meltdown aside, that's pretty badass.—K.W.

Edward Ristaino

Hot-air balloonist Edward Ristaino was known for his precision—friends say he could land a balloon in someone's yard if he tried. But shortly after the 63-year-old pilot took off from a festival in Georgia with five skydivers onboard, he spotted a violent storm rolling in. Ristaino managed to get the balloon over a field and calmly told the skydivers to bail. Unaware of how much danger they were in, the skydivers obeyed—and Ristaino's balloon was sucked into an updraft, where it collapsed and plummeted. Ristaino was killed, but his bravery and skill are the reason his passengers survived.—K.W.

Randy Regan

We consider it a productive morning when we manage to scramble an egg and still get out the door on time, so this FDNY firefighter makes us feel like slackers. In March, Regan was riding to the firehouse for his morning shift at Ladder Company 20 when he spotted a woman floating on a log in the Hudson River. "I realized I had to go for a swim," Regan said. That's a bit of an understatement when you're talking about the Hudson River in winter, but Regan jumped into the 48-degree water and pulled the woman to safety. Then he hopped back on his bike and rode, soaking wet, five miles to work—and clocked in a few minutes early.—K.W.

International Badasses**Deborah Roach**

Pole dancing is a deceptively tough endeavor. Pole dancing with one arm is damn near impossible. But Australian competitor Deborah Roach pulled off the superhuman stunt earlier this year at the International Pole Championship in Hong Kong—and clinched the top spot in the disabled division. "Some things might seem difficult," Roach says, "but nothing is impossible."

**Gregorio De Falco**

When the *Costa Concordia* ran aground off the coast of Italy, the captain and first officer jumped in a lifeboat before the evacuation was complete and paddled to safety. Italian Coast Guard captain De Falco became a national hero after he reamed out the captain for abandoning ship, barking, "Vada a bordo, cazzo!" (Loosely translated: "Go onboard, dick!")

**Ryan Gosling**

Ryan Gosling has spent the bulk of the past year leading a sort of double life as a feminist icon, thanks to a bizarre meme that started with the tumblr Fuck Yeah! Ryan Gosling, which posted Gosling pics captioned with "Hey Girl" pillow talk. This inspired the Feminist Ryan Gosling tumblr, which added its own hyperintellectual spin by way of fake quotes like "Hey girl, the postfeminist fetishization of motherhood is deeply rooted in classism but I still think we'd make cute babies." And just as the Gosling mania was reaching a fever pitch, the actual Ryan Gosling both broke up a street fight and yanked a British writer out of the path of an oncoming car in New York City.

Kate Winslet

How Kate Winslet spends her summer vacation: Get some sun, catch up on reading, save a life. Winslet was staying at the main house on Richard Branson's private island in the Caribbean, while Branson slept at a nearby property. In the middle of the night, as a tropical storm passed over the island, a fire that was likely caused by lightning broke out in the main house. The house was destroyed, but Winslet carried Branson's 90-year-old mother to safety. She can crash at our place anytime—for safety reasons, of course.

**Greg Smith**

On March 14, 2012, Goldman Sachs exec Greg Smith resigned from his half-million-dollar job—and wrote a scathing op-ed piece for *The New York Times* explaining his reasons for leaving the company where he'd worked since his college internship: "I see virtually no trace of the culture that made me love working for this firm. I no longer have the pride, or the belief." He earned a paltry \$150 for the op-ed piece, but he's probably not too worried about his burned bridges—two weeks later, he was offered a \$1.5 million advance for his memoir.

Heavy Medal

By Ben Thompson



Sergeant Dakota L. Meyer

Embedded Training Team 2-8, USMC

On a cold evening in September 2009, a dozen Marines and two full platoons of Afghan Army regulars were making their way to a prearranged meeting with the village elders in the mountain town of Ganjgal. Suddenly, the village's lights went out and the detachment was ambushed by entrenched Taliban soldiers positioned all along the road. Outnumbered three to one and pinned down by murderous fire, the Marines and Afghans fought for their lives, radioing in for help to anyone who would listen. Corporal Meyer and Staff Sergeant Juan Rodriguez-Chavez, NCOs stationed at a nearby training base, requested permission to ride out and help. They repeated their request four more times, were continually denied, and then decided they were going to go in to help those men no matter what. Rodriguez-Chavez jumped behind the wheel of a Humvee, and Meyer hopped into the machine-gun turret.

Meyer is a scout sniper, but as rocket-propelled-grenade contrails streaked past the Humvee and bullets ricocheted off the armored plating, he put down a withering hail of fire. When they reached the first group of men, Meyer drove the enemy back with his machine gun, hopped out of the turret, grabbed the wounded men (as enemy bullets whizzed past his head), and loaded up the truck—while still ripping off fire with his rifle. During the bullet-filled night, Meyer and Rodriguez-Chavez made five separate trips into the kill zone, driving their scorched vehicle through hell on Earth in a desperate attempt to save their comrades, not slowing down even though Meyer took a shrapnel wound to the arm. These tough Marines saved the lives of 36 men in six hours of nonstop battle, and in September 2011, Meyer became the first living Marine to receive the Medal of Honor since Vietnam.

Captain Jonathan F. Logan

1st Battalion, 75th Rangers, U.S. Army

While deep in an enemy-controlled portion of the Afghan mountains, Captain Logan was ambushed by hundreds of enemy troops. With half of the Rangers pinned down in the mountains with him, and the other half surrounded and taking fire in a small village at the base of the cliff, Logan ran up the ridgeline alone to engage the enemy. He climbed more than 350 feet up a mountain under heavy fire, closed to within 15 feet of an enemy heavy-weapons position, and cleared it out with grenades and rifle fire. After blowing through all his ammo and grenades, taking out a couple of other enemy positions, Logan called down air strikes on top of his position, ordering fighter and attack-helicopter runs and barking out enemy positions while rockets exploded around him. According to his Silver Star citation, Logan accounted for at least 25 enemy dead, saved at least three Rangers, and helped capture a huge cache of Taliban weapons.

Corporal Michael A. Moynihan

2nd Battalion, 27th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Brigade Combat Team

When his forward observation post came under heavy attack, Corporal Moynihan ran to the nearest heavy machine gun he could find and lay down a curtain of fire on the advancing enemy forces. With Taliban troops surging forward, seeking to capture the American base, Moynihan defiantly manned an exposed machine-gun emplacement, blasting at anything that moved; once that got too hot, he grabbed a TOW missile launcher and used it to blow the hell out of an enemy commander. Fighting the advancing Taliban troops with his rifle, grenades, and even a few well-placed claymore mines, Moynihan fought tirelessly for three days and two nights. Even after he was knocked unconscious by an 82-millimeter mortar round, the guy just got right back up and kept fighting. When the smoke cleared, the enemy had been driven off, and the base was still in American hands. He was awarded the Silver Star in March.

Captain Aaron M. Palan

75th Expeditionary Fighter Squadron, U.S. Air Force

It was only Captain Palan's fourth mission after flight qualification when he was called to respond to a team of Special Forces that had been ambushed by a heavily entrenched Taliban force in Afghanistan. Despite his lack of combat experience, Palan steered his A-10C attack aircraft straight into the battle, streaking his armored Warthog full-throttle toward the enemy, and unleashing a devastating barrage of 30-millimeter ammunition on their positions. With the Taliban fighters closing fast on the Special Forces operators, and his flight leader forced to turn back due to aircraft damage, Palan maintained his attack on his own, not only making solo strafing runs but also coordinating attacks from AH-64 Apache helicopters. During the battle, Palan expended 1,150 rounds of ammunition and launched three rockets, killing 20 to 30 enemies and saving the Special Forces team. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his actions.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (DAKOTA MEYER) LUKE SHARRETT/GETTY IMAGES, (LEROY A. PETRY) MANDEL NGAN/GETTY IMAGES, (AT RIGHT, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) CORBIS/PEER GRIMM, SCOTT UCHIDA/ATLASICONS.COM, CORBIS/REG C. LAY, THE WASHINGTON POST/GETTY IMAGES, AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, AP PHOTO/RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH/EVA RUSSO


**Gunnery Sergeant
Vernice W. Bennett****3rd Battalion, 7th Marines**

When Gunny Bennett's platoon of battle-hardened Marines successfully made a daring assault across a Taliban-held bridge, they didn't realize that capturing the position would be the easy part. Just minutes after driving the enemy off the bridge, Bennett's Marines were hit by a massive counterattack from more than 100 enemy troops, charging in from seemingly every direction at once. Pinned down by rocket-propelled grenades and heavy machine guns, Bennett directed his 30-man team through ten hours of constant battle, occasionally even running out from cover to lob grenades at enemy troops a mere ten yards from his position. After a long, tough struggle, Bennett managed to drive off the enemy, killing 18 of them without losing a single man from his platoon.

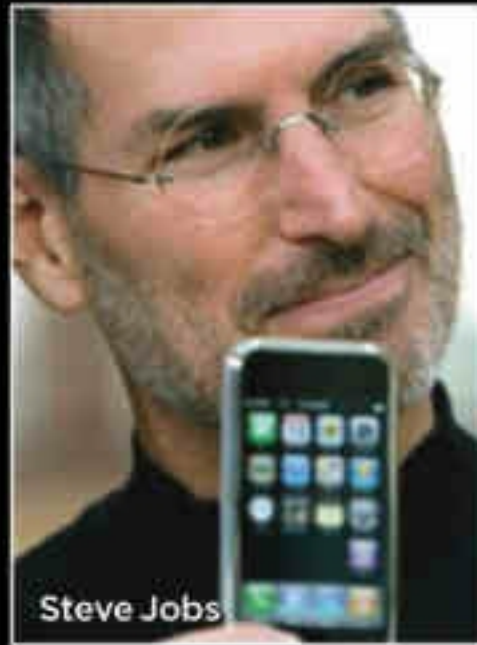
**Lance Corporal
Cody R. Goebel****3rd Battalion, 5th Marines**

Lance Corporal Goebel was manning a defensive perimeter around a U.S. operations base in Afghanistan's Helmand Province when an enemy sniper round struck him in the neck and came out the other side—the prelude to a full-scale attack. With his unit in danger and enemy troops swarming ahead, Goebel ignored the bullet hole in his neck and manned his machine gun for seven minutes, wiping out six enemy troops, and refused medical attention until he was properly relieved. When that relief finally came, Goebel not only walked off under his own power, but he charged more than 25 yards through heavy enemy fire to the casualty-evacuation point before collapsing from his wounds and receiving treatment. He survived the battle and received the Silver Star.

Sergeant First Class Leroy A. Petry**2nd Battalion, 75th Rangers**

Staff Sergeant Petry was a weapons squad leader stationed with the 75th Rangers in Paktya Province, Afghanistan, on a mission to clear a fortified enemy compound of "high-value" enemy combatants. As Petry led his team through a small courtyard, he suddenly came under fire from hidden heavy weapons very close to his position. The initial spray of bullets ripped into his legs, and he and his men were forced to take cover behind a chicken coop. Bleeding badly but still laying down suppressing fire with both his rifle and grenades, Petry radioed for backup. Meanwhile, the insurgents moved closer and started lobbing grenades at the Rangers; the first blast blew the men to the ground, wounding two more. The second grenade landed mere inches from Petry's feet, coming to rest in the middle of the American position. The husband and father of four picked up the grenade and threw it back toward the enemy. The explosive went off inches from his fingers, blowing off his right hand at the wrist, but his daring act saved the lives of his entire team. Petry simply bound a tourniquet on his wrist, radioed in the situation, and kept fighting. In July 2011, he received the Medal of Honor. 

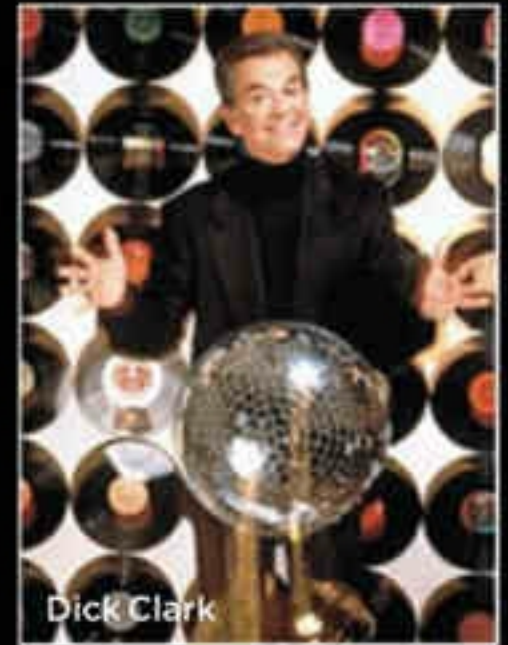
In Memoriam



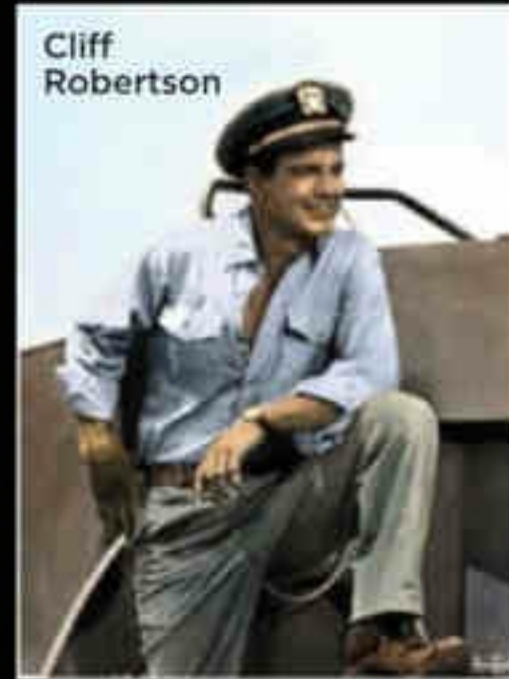
Steve Jobs



Adam Yauch



Dick Clark

Van T.
BarfootCliff
RobertsonHazel Johnson-
Brown

Medal of Honor recipients John F. Baker Jr., Van T. Barfoot, William R. Charette, Mike Colalillo, Charles P. Murray Jr., and Paul J. Wiedorfer

Army General and nurse Hazel Johnson-Brown

Tuskegee Airmen Clarence Dart and Harold K. Hoskins

World War II code talker Joe Morris Sr.

Test pilot Arthur W. Murray

"First Lady of Firsts" pilot Betty Skelton Erde

The first black Secret Service agent, Charles Gittens

Civil rights activists Eleanor Josaltis, Stetson Kennedy, the Reverend Maurice J. Moyer, the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth, and Patricia Stephens Due

Civil rights attorneys Robert L. Carter and John Payton

Former First Lady Betty Ford

Interment-camp resistor Gordon Hirabayashi

Right-to-die activist Jack Kevorkian, aka "Dr. Death"

Disability-rights activists Fred Fay and Kathryn McGee

Human-rights activist Jerome J. Shestack

AIDS activist Ruth Brinker

Labor movement advocate Addie L. Wyatt

Free-speech advocate Barney Rosset

Lexington Herald-Leader publisher Creed Black

News correspondent Mike Wallace

Apollo scientist-astronaut Brian O'Leary

Auto racer and designer Carroll Shelby

Pop-culture icon Dick Clark

Actors James Arness and Cliff Robertson

Beastie Boy Adam Yauch, aka MCA

Bluegrass musician Earl Scruggs

Musician Levon Helm

Blues singer Etta James

Rapper Heavy D

E Street Band saxophonist Clarence Clemons

Deejay Pete Fornatale

Professional gambler Amarillo Slim

Down These Mean Streets author Piri Thomas

Boxer Joe Frazier

Pro skier Jamie Pierre

Ice climber Jack Roberts

Backcountry skier Steve Romeo

Rock climber Bonnie Prudden

Ultramarathon runner Micah True

Boxing trainer Angelo Dundee

Apple founder Steve Jobs

Kicktail inventor Larry Stevenson

Pinball-machine designer Steve Kordek 

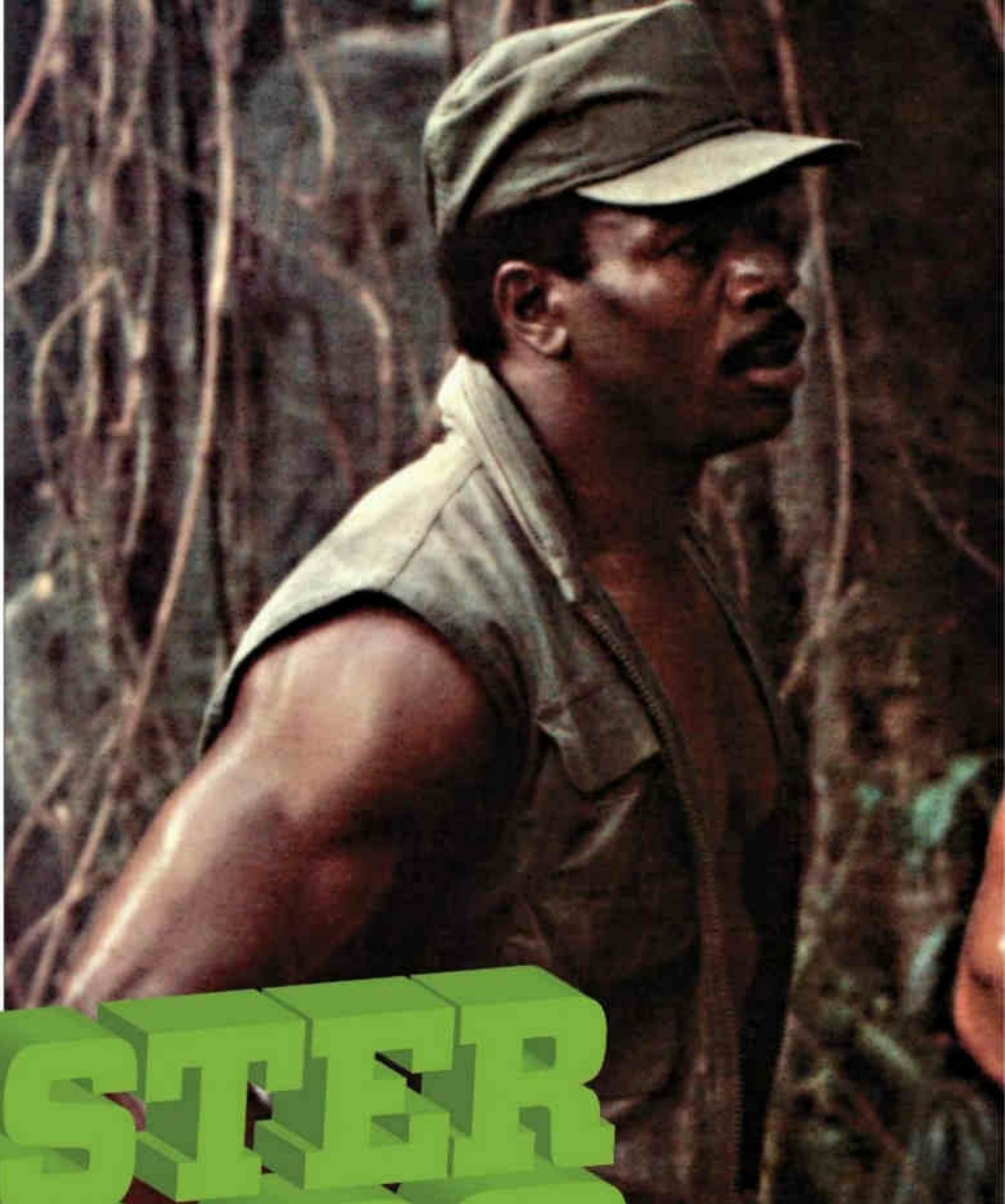




Sylvester Stallone



Chuck Norris



MASTER CLASS

IN THIS MODERN AGE, MEN FREQUENTLY LEARN LIFE SKILLS AT THE MOVIES. NONE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THESE WHEN IT COMES TO BEING A BADASS.
BY BEN THOMPSON

FROM THE LOWLIEST PADAWAN TO THE MOST EPIC WAR HERO, no man walks the Way of Badass alone. No matter how tough one is, only a fool closes his eyes to the truth: Throughout

the years, others have completed the journey toward ultimate ass-kicking, and perfected key aspects of it. One can learn many things from their experiences and acquired wisdom. Bow at the feet of these learned masters, study their techniques, meditate upon their unholy face-crushing righteousness, and then claim the rental of the world's greatest action movies on your taxes as a business expense for your new career in being a total fucking badass.

The Badass Skill: Destroy All Who Oppose You
The Masters: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sylvester Stallone, Chuck Norris



Clockwise from left:
Arnold Schwarzenegger,
Bruce Willis, Jackie Chan,
Matt Damon



The Masters: Bruce Willis, Jackie Chan, Matt Damon, Sigourney Weaver

Sometimes life gives you a heaping pile of bullshit, and it's up to a true badass to turn that raging craptasm into an equally large mound of bullet-riddled corpses lying broken and bloodied. Okay, you might not have the exact tools or skill set required to get the job done, but some people just go out there and improvise, let their ingenuity take over, and find new and interesting ways to kick the shit out

The first rule of badassitude is to destroy anyone who stands in your way, no matter how badly the odds are stacked against you. These eighties-action-movie icons were guys who would end up surrounded by dozens of people trying to kill them and respond by kicking down every door in their path and snapping the neck of every person they found on the other side. Sure, these one-man murder machines had their own problems and psychological issues to deal with, but whenever Alyssa Milano or some American POWs got captured, you could bet your Star-Spangled Banner that these guys would be parachuting in to kick ass in a single-minded mission of inhuman destruction that would be complete only when entire fortified compounds of enemy soldiers were replaced by smoking, bloodstained craters and tens of thousands of empty shell casings. It didn't matter what they ran into—Viet Cong guerrillas, drug-

dealing/terrorist cartels, or intergalactic serial-killer psychopaths—everyone who fucked with them fell victim to their murderous, single-minded onslaughts. You could always be damn sure that these unholy badasses would respond to any potential threat, no matter how insignificant, by charging straight into a heavily defended base with a combat knife between their teeth and making sure every faceless AK-47-toting jobber ended up getting launched into the stratosphere by a pneumatic catapult while explosions rippled behind them. Anyone left standing after slow-motion roundhouse kicking of everything in sight was shot in the face at point-blank range with a rocket launcher—because you can never be too sure when you're mercilessly obliterating everyone in your path.

The Badass Skill: Work With What You Got

of their foes. So what if Bruce Willis is pretty much totally bald and spent the first half of his career doing crappy TV shows? When the champagne hit the fan in *Die Hard* and Hans Gruber was running around Nakatomi Plaza with automatic weapons and plastic explosives, Bruce busted out the single greatest action-movie performance ever committed to film, and pummeled the balls off Karl the Terrorist with a dirty chain. When they're surrounded by kung fu badass secret agents with heavy weapons and impractical samurai swords, Jackie Chan characters don't even blink. They charge into battle and kick the shit out of swirling masses of gunslinging hard-asses armed only with a coffee mug, a stainless-steel ladder, and a couple of sheets of notebook paper. Left without a weapon, Jason Bourne fought a trained assassin with a fucking rolled-up magazine. Hell, Ellen Ripley was basically an interstellar

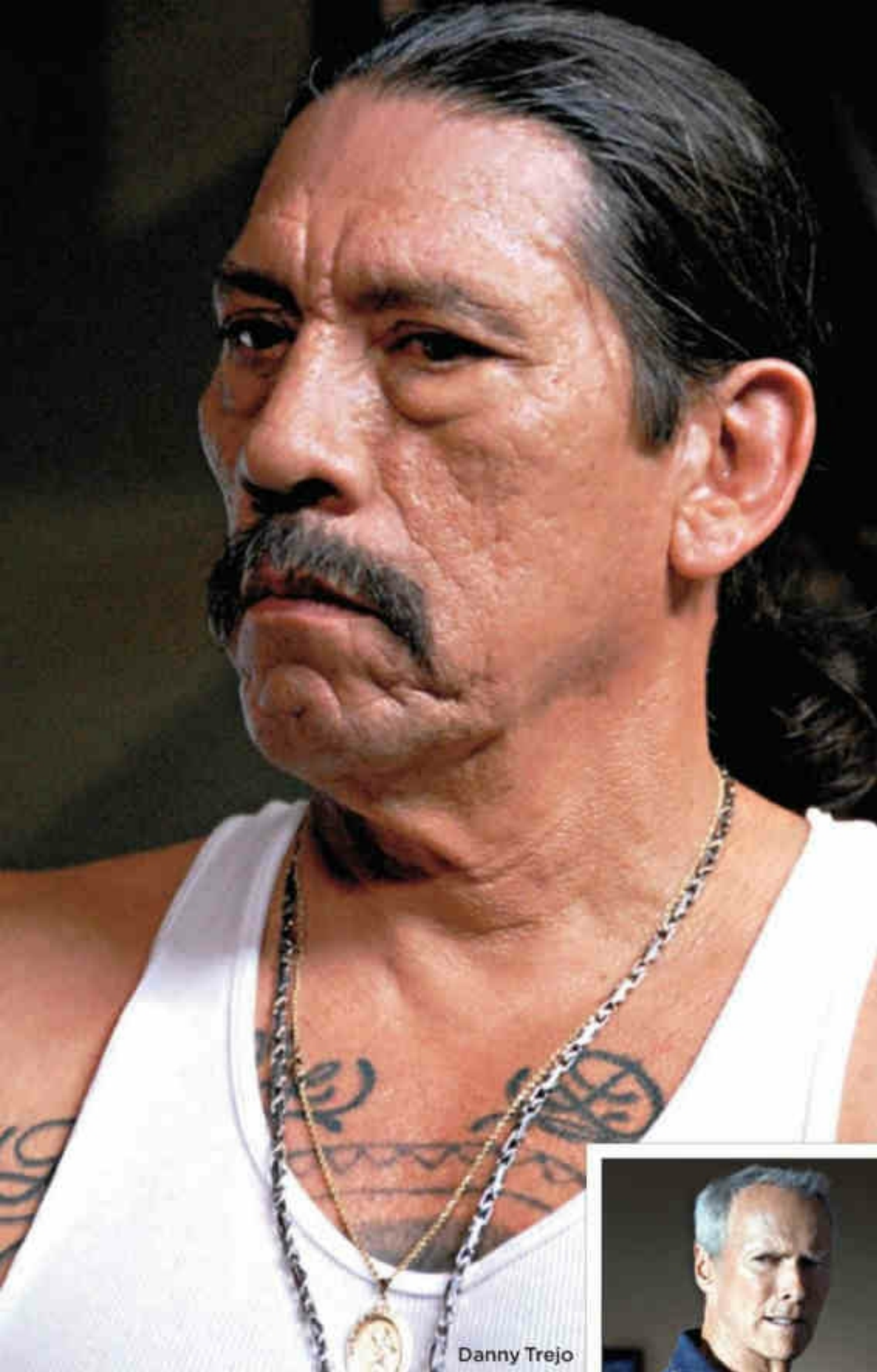
Clockwise from left: Uma Thurman, Bruce Lee, Charles Bronson



Teamster, but when it came time to strap a blowtorch to a machine gun and save a ten-year-old girl from a frothing horde of disgusting alien bitches, cinema's greatest female action hero was front and center, incinerating everything with more than four appendages until all that remained was a smoldering pile of charred goo and a clear path straight to the elevator. These badasses might not have been gifted with the overpowering physique of more traditional action heroes, but they worked with what they had and used every asset at their disposal to achieve victory.

The Badass Skill: Live for Revenge
The Masters: Bruce Lee, Charles Bronson, Uma Thurman

Whenever terrorists, ninjas, street punks, or other semi-related douche bags destroy and/or kill your partner, friend, family, relatives, and/or Shaolin Temple, the only appropriate response is complete and total vengeance: Annihilate everyone responsible, and don't stop until you've made every single one of them pay for what they've done to you. Whether it's Bruce Lee face-kicking Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Charles Bronson cleaning up the streets by smoking punks in the dome with a .44 Magnum, or Uma Thurman cleaving



Danny Trejo

apart half the population of Japan in a one-woman decapitation spree, it is completely imperative that everyone who has wronged you pay, and it must be in as brutal and painful a manner as you can imagine, and as soon as humanly possible.

The Badass Skill: Intimidate the Fuck out of Your Enemies

The Masters: Clint Eastwood, Samuel L. Jackson, Danny Trejo, Toshirô Mifune, Lee Marvin

Any jackass can fly off the handle, smash a beer bottle on the bar, and scream "Come at me, bro!" as loud as possible while pulling his wife-beater over his head, but a real badass can make his enemies shit themselves without saying a word. From Clint Eastwood's "one eye squinting, one eye wide-open and twitching like he can barely control his urge to kill" glare, to Samuel L. Jackson daring you to say "What?" one more time, to Danny Trejo being one of the only people on the planet capable of looking scary-as-fuck while holding

A badass death stare none-too-subtly implies "Get the fuck out of here before I crush you into bone dust and use you to compost my murderously spicy chili crops."


a Chihuahua puppy, real badasses make you run the hell out of a bar with nothing more than a single look and a merciful head nod. The key to mastering this skill is economy of vocabulary. These are men who choose their words wisely, speak slowly and deliberately, and have badass death stares so hard-core that every single word they do speak none-too-subtly implies "Get the fuck out of here before I crush you into bone dust and use you to compost my murderously spicy chili crops."

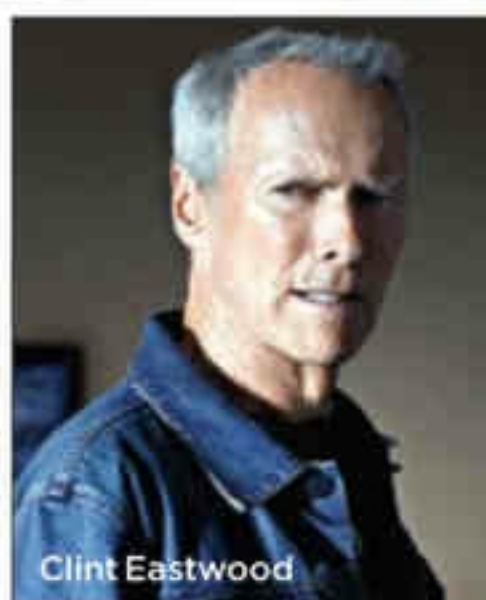
The Badass Skill: Get With the Girl

The Masters: Sean Connery, Steve McQueen, William Shatner, Bruce Campbell

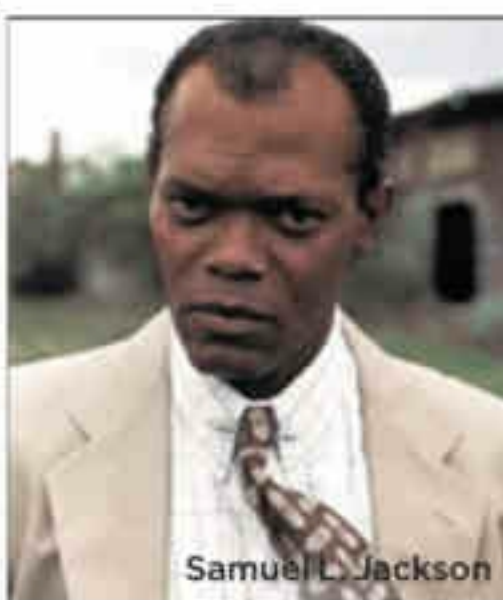
Sure, judo-chopping the Gorn lizard man while

cleaving your way through an unholy horde of undead monstrosities and saving the universe is great, but if you're not riding off into the sunset with a hot, semi-naked, large-breasted babe on your saddle (or at least leaving her standing on the prairie, wistfully waving and begging you to come back and have your way with her), what's the point? Sean Connery didn't invent James Bond, but the way that guy portrays Ian Fleming's legendary character is basically the way every man should try to live his life: with weapons-grade confidence that makes women swoon in your arms and ready to defect from their native lands and hand over valuable state secrets just because they want a piece of whatever your pants have to offer. Steve McQueen, who was pretty much the quintessential badass, got some very hot girls without even saying a word. Captain Kirk rarely responded to any situation with anything other than a punch to the face or an alien make-out session, and Ash Williams once convinced a girl who hated him that she really loved him just by spouting off a series of badass catchphrases and delivering them with such conviction that she had no choice but to melt—a tactic we must all study and attempt to emulate.

Hail to the kings, baby. 



Clint Eastwood



Samuel L. Jackson



Lee Marvin



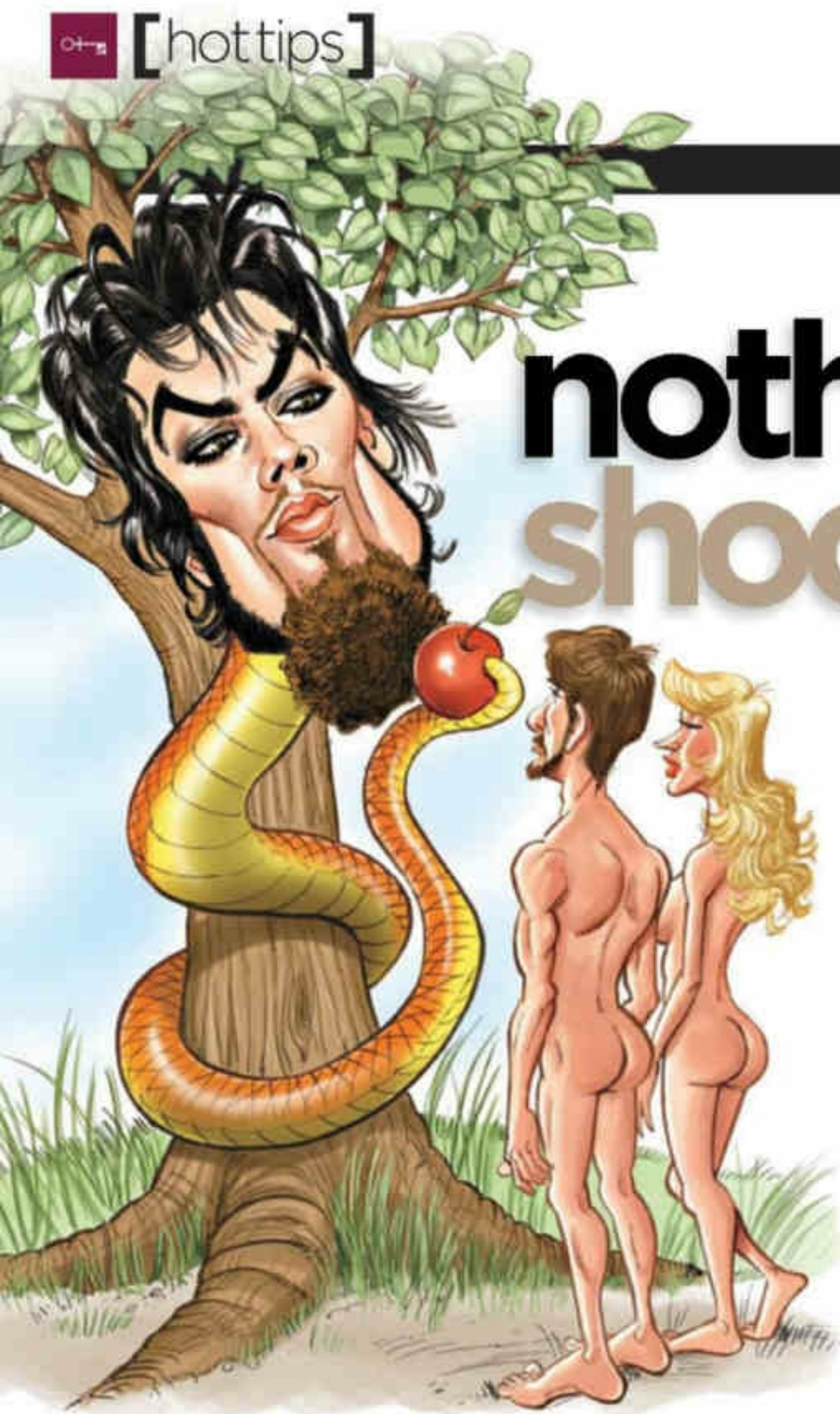
Sean Connery



Steve McQueen



Bruce Campbell



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **What's your take on the whole "friends with benefits" idea?**

Ha! You're asking *me*? My take on it is that it can be fantastic, provided both parties are aware of the rules. I think a better way to put it would be "people with benefits," because, frankly, I don't really want to fuck my friends. Bowling then sex or coffee then sex is pretty much just dating, as far as I'm concerned. When a friendship gets intimate, I have found that things get a little sticky and difficult to navigate. For me, that arrangement can be fun, but rarely long-lasting.

I decided long ago that I am simply a free spirit and that my indiscretions are my own business and need no explanation or titles. A simpler way to go about all of this is to maintain one's need to remain single and make that known up front. Anything you do with

or without a friend from that point on is fair and honest. To quote the talented Mr. Trent Reznor, "This isn't meant to last/ This is for right now." If you're not a Catholic or a pigeon, multiple partners should be an easy lifestyle choice—provided there is no lying or misleading involved.

■ **Is there a tactful way for a spouse to suggest bringing another person into the bedroom?**

For men, not really. But who says you have to be tactful? I would just ask the question at a relaxed time. "Honey? Would you ever want to bring someone home with us? You know ... just for fun? I've always wanted to try that." Just easy, simple, playful. I can promise you that you will immediately know if it's an issue worth pursuing.

I've had a lot of experience with

this, and the best way to go about it is to let the woman suggest or try to arrange a three-way. Just lie back and let her have the power. Otherwise, you could find yourself sleeping on the couch. That isn't true for *all* women, of course, but then again it's probably true for anyone asking for advice on this subject. If your girl is open to three-ways, you'll know it. If you do get someone to come home with you, make sure you pay more attention to your girlfriend or wife than you do to the new girl. Lord knows that dynamic can really fuck things up.

■ **Hey man, any tips on making sex sessions last longer on my end?**

Yes, marriage. It'll take forever.


■ **Why do men who already have women and families start relationships with gorgeous single women, then end up going back to their wives or babies' mothers in the end?**

God, I really don't know.

■ **How does one go about overcoming trust issues from past relationships and lifestyles, so they don't affect a current beautiful family?**

Generally, I recommend getting a handle on those issues prior to creating a family, but life is often messier and more complicated than that. I would suggest seeing a therapist, as personal work is required outside the family unit. Maybe couples therapy as well. These are issues that are better left to the professionals. For me, I try to keep aware that whatever I have going on in my twisted little head has nothing to do with anyone but me. Unleashing my own personal sickness on others really never gets me anywhere.

■ **Do women really like bad boys?**

I'd say not really. It's as though they say they do—and then, once they're together, if the boy is bad, they don't like it all that much anymore. I can't tell you how many times I've been told, "You're bad! It's so hot! I love it!" Cut to three dates later: All of a sudden it changes to "Who are you texting?" "Where were you?" "What was that tweet supposed to mean?" I guess the whole bad-boy thing can get a guy in the door, as some women find it intriguing. However, it'll get him out the door pretty quickly as well. 



HOOK UP

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The World's Largest Sex & Swinger Personals Community

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*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

ready to ride

The lovely Heather Starlet, our July Pet of the Month, has a deliciously innocent appearance that belies the pornstar passion she displays in her career. And that's just one reason why the former nursing student makes such a perfect Penthouse Pet.

Photographs by Noele





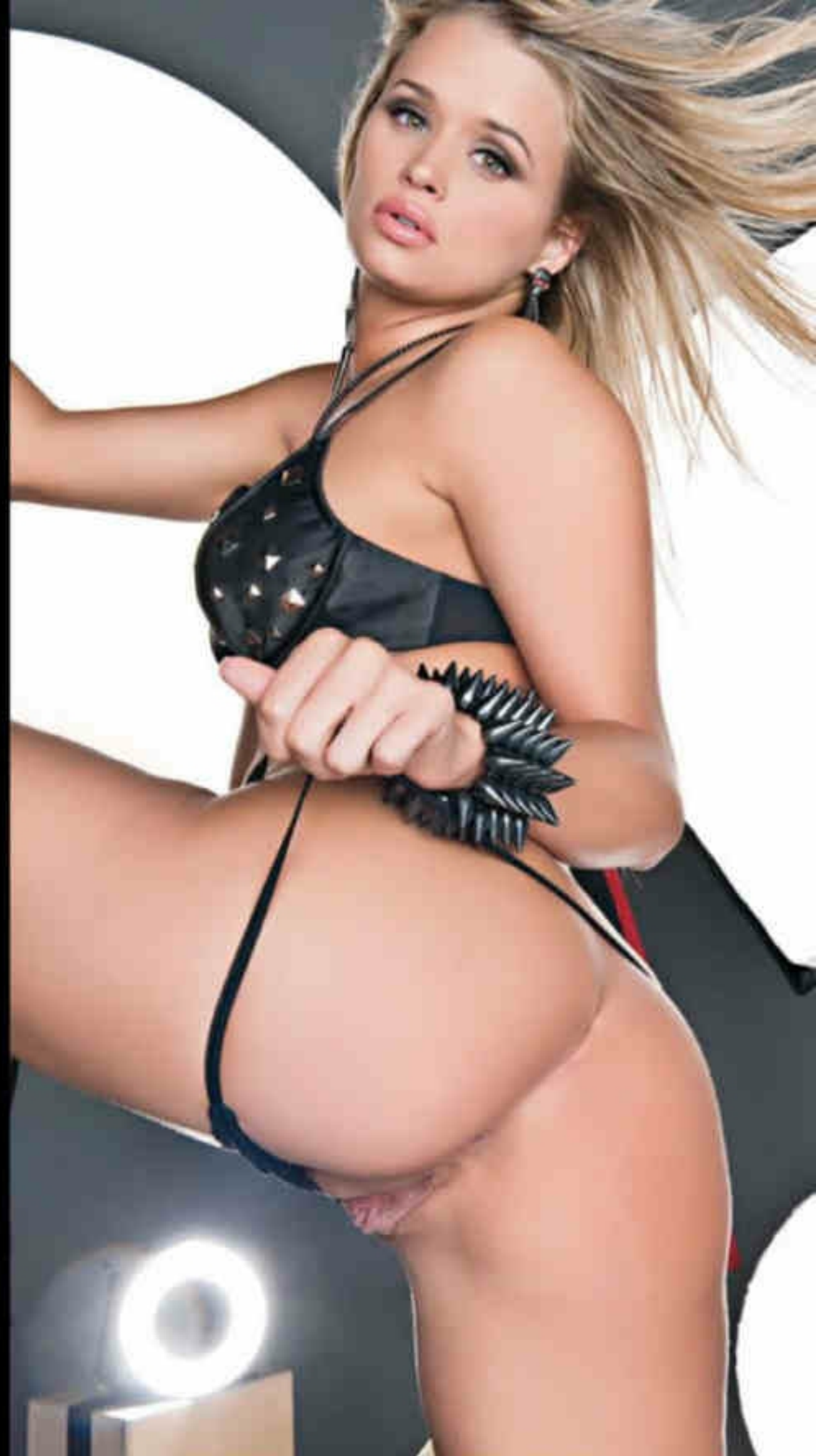


"I absolutely love my job! I shoot porn scenes and do webcam shows, so I get to have orgasms all day."





"It's easy to get psyched up for being photographed. I think about the last great bang and reminisce. I love knowing people come while watching me come!"









"What do I have that other girls don't?
Natural red lips and a weak
gag reflex. Deep-throat—oh, yeah!"

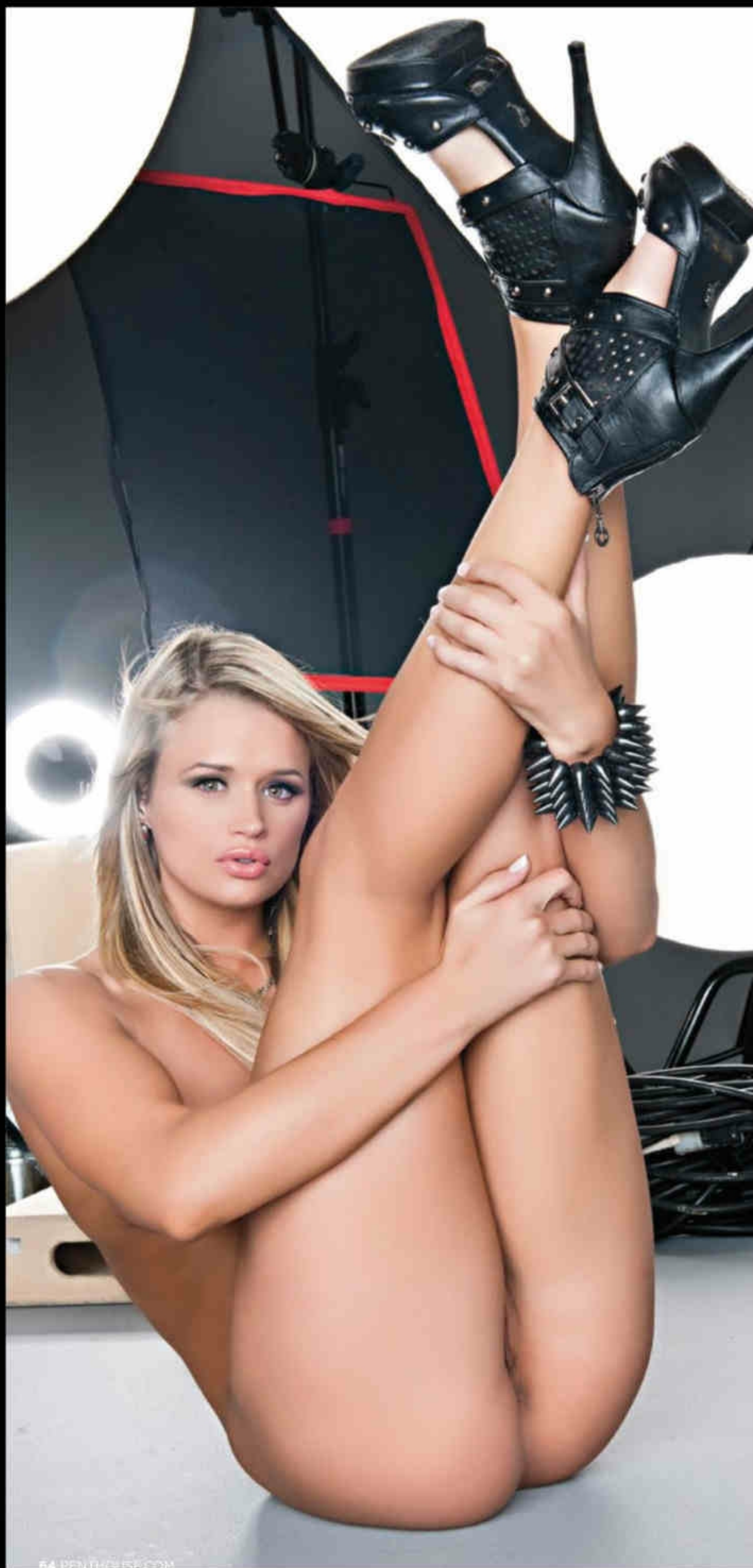


HEATHER STARLET
JULY 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH









Vital stats:

22 years old
36-25-37; 5'7"

Hometown:

Dayton, Ohio.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

Fresh air, green trees, and lots of beautiful scenery. I love going to baseball games in the spring and sledding in the winter.

Favorite vacation spot:

Miami, because the water is warm, and there's amazing food and different cultures to learn from.

Dream vacation spot:

I would love to travel to New Mexico and then down through Central and South America to see the differences in culture and climate.

Favorite sports:

Basketball and football.

Favorite way to work out:

Jogging. And sex is great cardio.

Favorite ways to relax:

Masturbate, bubble bath.

Favorite sexual fantasy:

Being forced to play with myself while I watch a guy and a girl fuck until we all come.

Most daring thing you've ever done:

Jump off a huge cliff in Tennessee into the water. It was so exhilarating!

Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger?

If we're both feeling each other and we have protection.

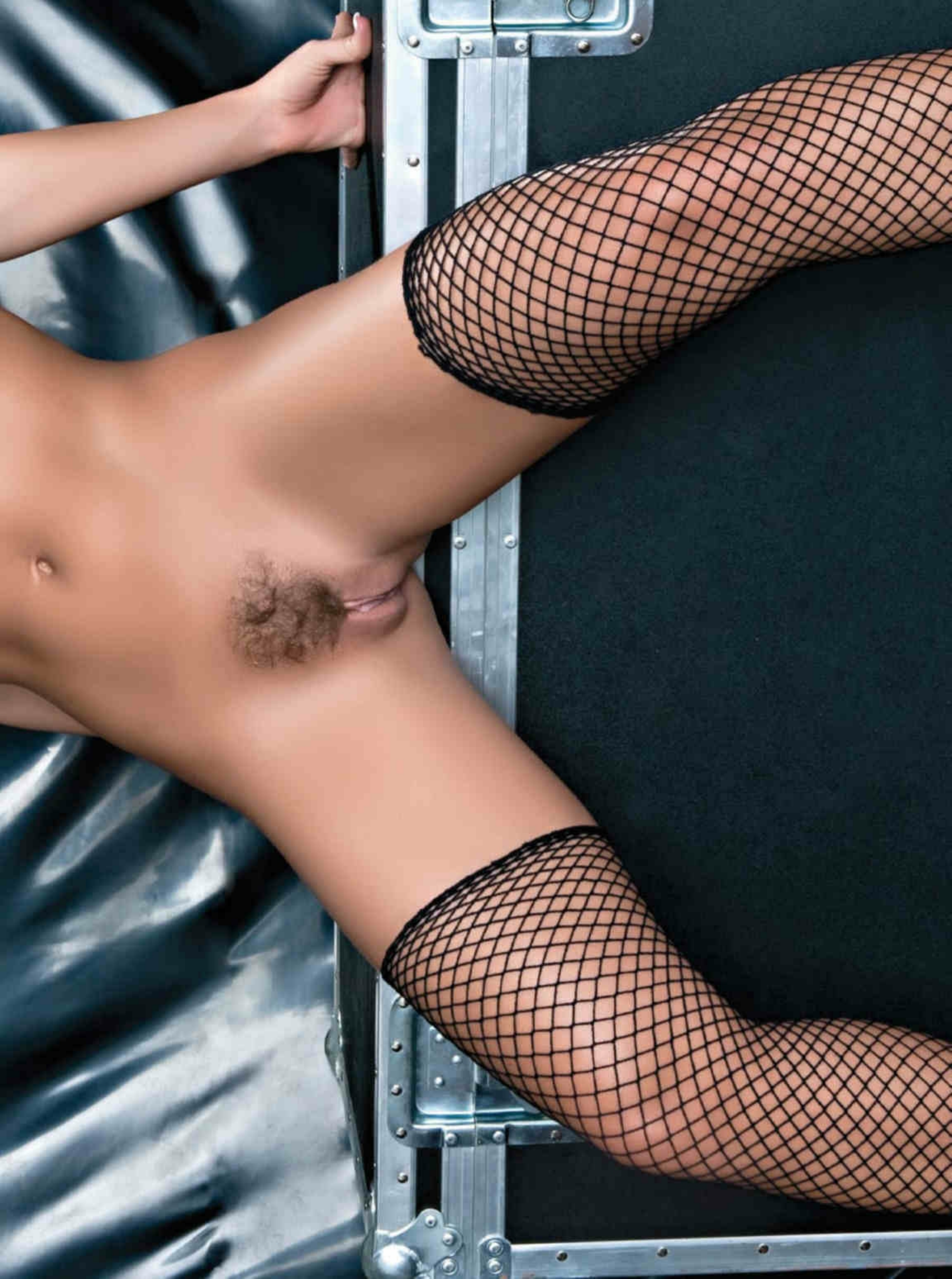
What's your proudest moment?

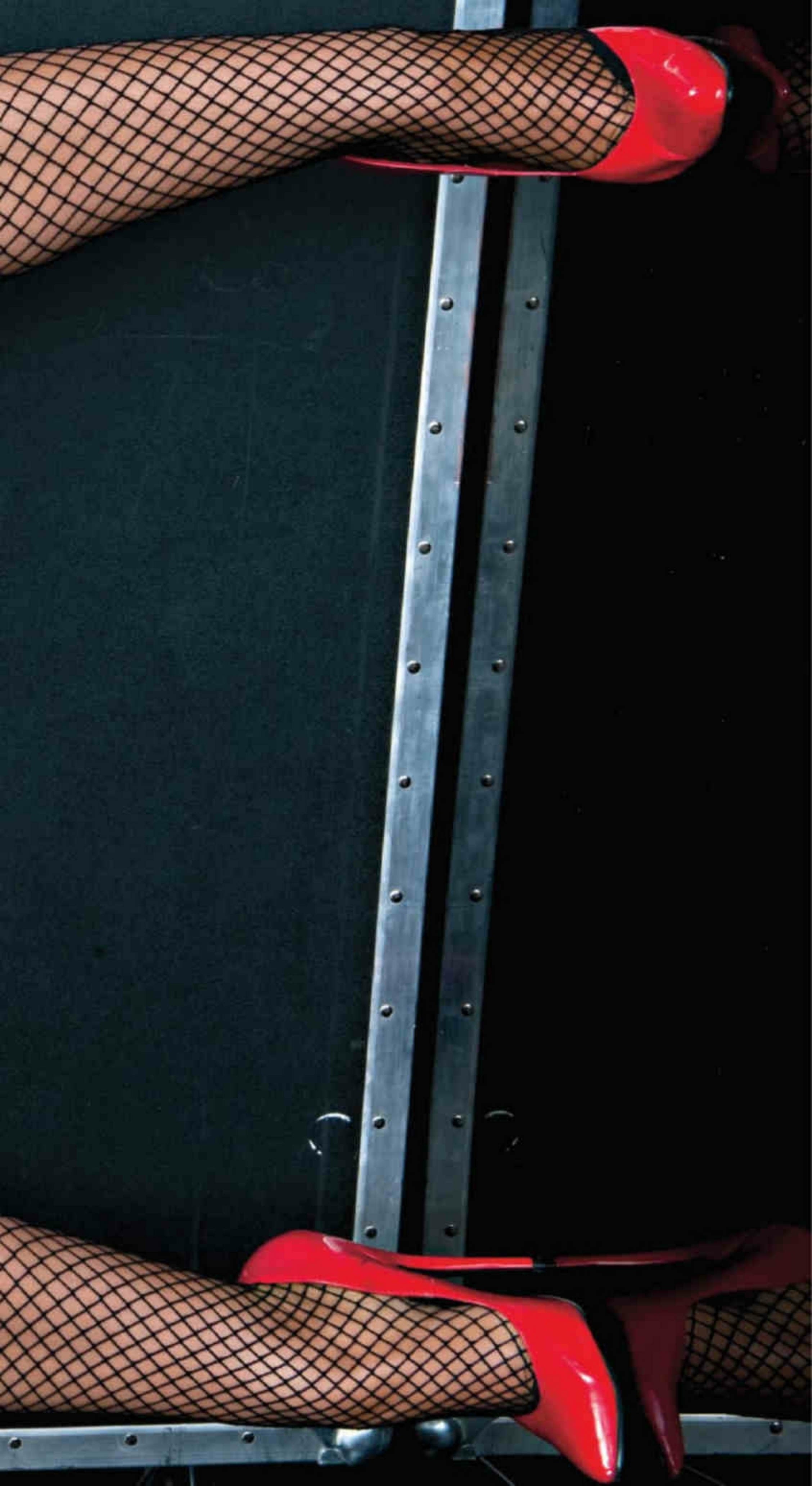
Becoming a Penthouse Pet. Duh!

SEE MORE OF HEATHER AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



 NICOLE ANISTON
AUGUST 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







let her eat cake

"If I could be anyone else in history, I'd be Marie Antoinette. Maybe. But I'm too busy making history." So says Nicole Aniston, our August Pet of the Month, who also claims to be a professional chocolate-cake taster. All we know is, Nicole's lush curves leave us breathless, and we don't care how she maintains them.

Photographs by Noele





"I love the outdoors: quads, fishing, hunting, etc. But I'm also busy painting, sketching, and taking photos."





"My favorite fantasy is my partner and me, alone in bed, with no cameras. Or a lawyer and me in an elevator. Seriously."









"It's a little late for me to be thinking about whether or not I want to be famous. My bare ass is all over the internet."







Vital stats:

34D-23-38; 5'3"

24 years old

Hometown:

Temecula, California.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

It's a great family community.

Favorite vacation spot:

Honestly? At home on the couch with my cellphone off.

Favorite food:

Greek, or anything healthy. And I can't get enough ice cream.

What gets you excited?

Breakfast.

What gets you in trouble?

Dinner.

What's your proudest moment?

The day I ate a whole pie.

Favorite way to work out:

I love using my neighborhood as a gym: outdoor stairs, parks, trees....

Favorite way to relax:

Hot tub, beer, and no makeup.

What's the hottest sex scene?

Any classics shot by Suze Randall.

What do you do for a living?

Model, adult performer, chocolate-cake tester.

Favorite thing about your job:

Snacks on-set.... Just kidding. Meeting new people and sharing creative ideas.

What's your pet peeve?

Any other driver on the road.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?

Punched a guy in the jaw and wrestled him to the ground. I'd had a few beers, of course.

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SWINGING LONDON

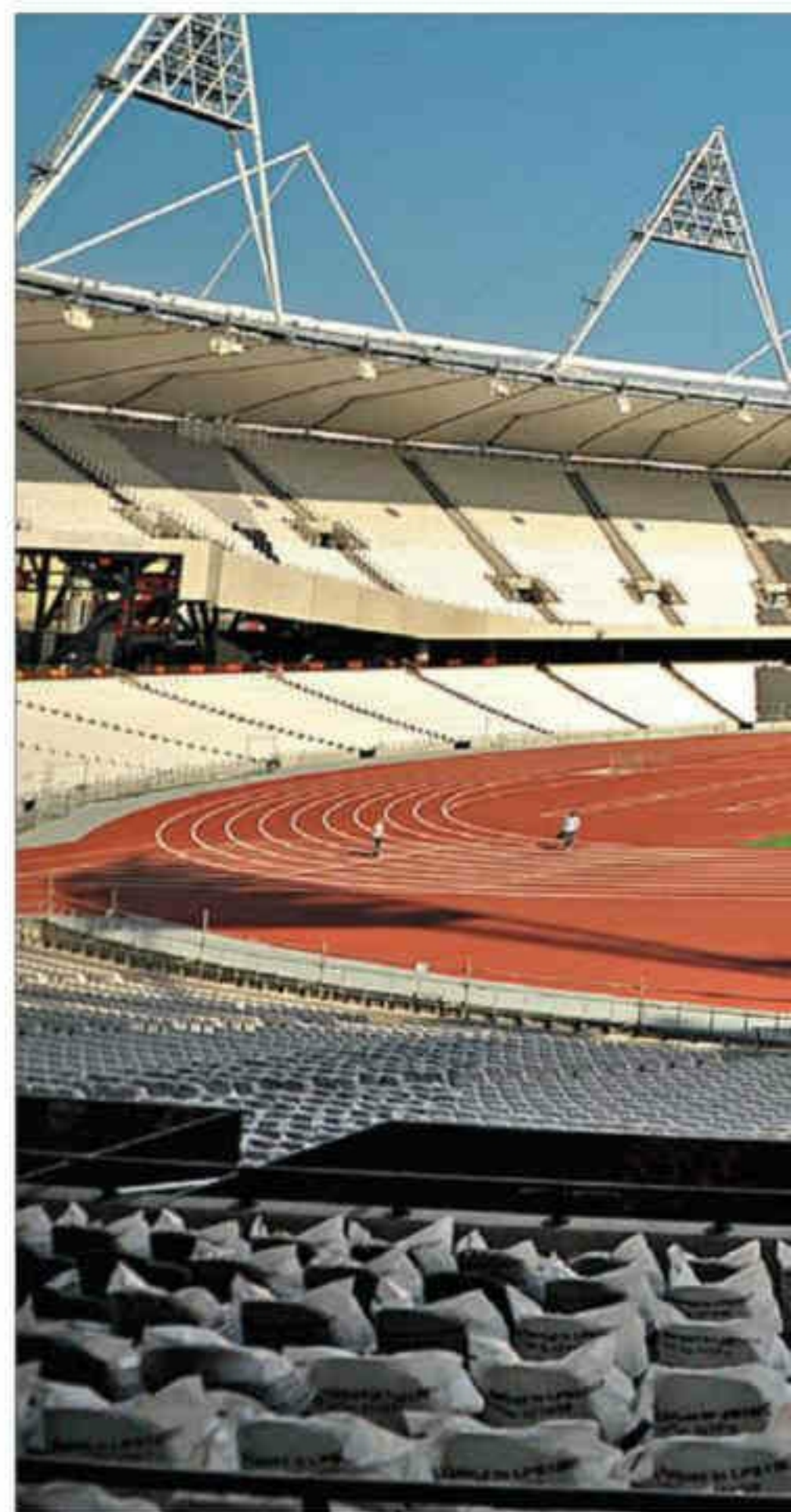
The Summer Olympics return to England for the first time since 1948.

By Peter Schrager

The Winter Olympics are a perfectly enjoyable, quaint quadrennial competition, but we're more of a Summer Olympics crew here at Penthouse World Headquarters. The warm-weather Games are bigger, the sports are more accessible, and the athletes

more recognizable, since they're not wearing helmets or swaddled in layers of winter gear. Indeed, most summer Olympians are delightfully free of surplus clothing, a fact that adds a vivid eye-candy element to the Games, from beach volleyball to the women's high jump.

As athletes representing more than 200 countries prepare to descend on England from July 27 to August 12, we make a nod to the five Olympic rings and break down the Games of the XXX Olympiad in five groups of five.



Five U.S. Athletes to Watch in London



Allyson Felix

At 26 years old, Felix is already a two-time Olympic silver medalist in the 200 meters. This year, she'll be going for gold.



Jordyn Wieber

Gymnast Wieber was only 13 years old during the last Summer Olympics, but you can bet she watched on TV as the U.S. battled China in Beijing. Now 17, she's the 2011 All-Around World Champion, and she'll be gunning for gold in London.



Missy Franklin

Michael Phelps has been the swimming superstar of the past two Summer Games. This time around, 17-year-old Franklin could steal some of his thunder. A champ in the backstroke and in freestyle, she was the FINA Swimmer of the Year in 2011.



Diana Lopez

MMA stars get energy-drink deals and big pay-per-view bonanzas, but Diana Lopez might be the top martial artist in the country. One of the famed Lopez siblings (her brothers Mark and Steven are Olympic medalists), 28-year-old Lopez is a tae kwon do terror.



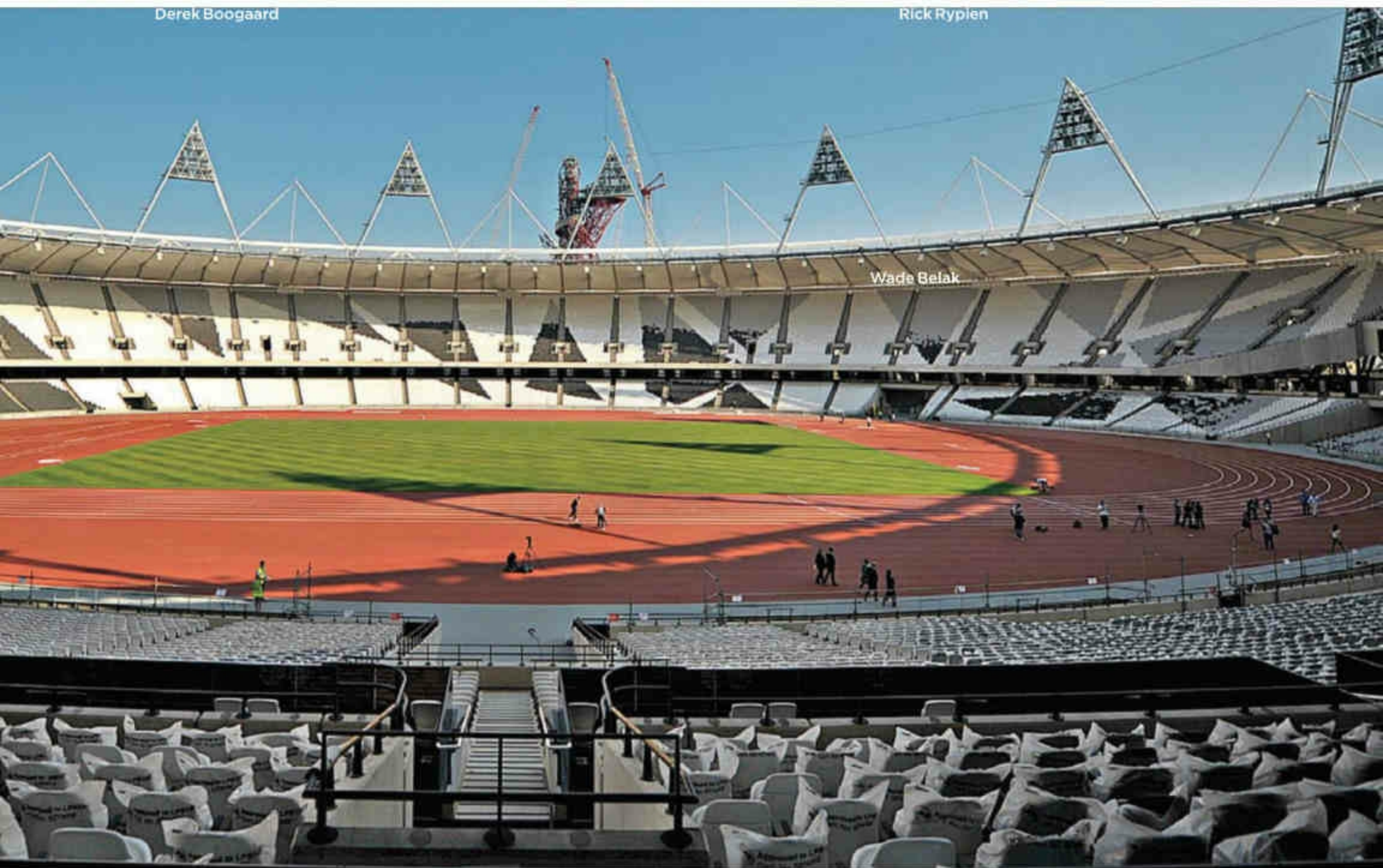
Nic Long

The 22-year-old missed the 2008 Olympics after crashing in Team USA's BMX qualifiers. He's got more tattoos than the average heavy-metal frontman (or NBA star), and he's San Diego through and through. He's also a genuine gold-medal contender.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ANDY LYONS/GETTY IMAGES, LINTAO ZHANG/GETTY IMAGES, HEINZ KLJETMEIER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED/GETTY IMAGES, KRISTIAN DOWLING/GETTY IMAGES, HARRY HOW/GETTY IMAGES

Derek Boogaard

Rick Ryplen



Five Olympic Sports We'd Like to See

There's ballroom dancing and table tennis. Can we add these?



1. Beer pong

Beer pong is no longer just a frat-house pre-game novelty. There are big tournaments, national events, and international competitions. Would you not watch the best beer-pong duos from across the globe going at it?



2. Three-point basketball contest

You can watch Team USA steamroll its hoops opponents in the early rounds. But wouldn't you rather see the best individual outside shooter from each country in a three-point competition? Larry Bird could unretire for it.



3. Bull riding

If you happen to flip by a Professional Bull Riders event one afternoon while channel surfing, go back and check it out for a few minutes. Sports don't get any more badass than bull riding. We say get the 12 best bull riders in the world together for the Olympics.



4. The 40-yard dash

The NFL Draft Scouting Combine has made "the 40" more popular in the United States than the 100 meters. Could Usain Bolt beat Tennessee Titan Chris Johnson in the 40? Probably. But we'd like to see it. Would Bolt break 4.2? We'd pay to see that.



5. Dodgeball

Every major city in America has a hipster dodgeball league. Put this game in the Olympics and people will care. They already have Team Handball. Think of this as an edgier, more entertaining offshoot.

FOR THE EYES



Ebba Jungmark
Swedish high jumper. It just sounds hot, doesn't it?



Victoria Pendleton
Too bad the British cyclist competes in a helmet.



Maria Sharapova
This leggy Russian needs no introduction.

Five Bold Predictions for the Olympics:



Ryan Lochte will beat Michael Phelps in both the 200-meter freestyle and the 200-individual medley. Lochte's taken a backseat to his American teammate Phelps for years, but London will be his turn. He's competing in six different events. He could be as big a star as Phelps by August.



Jordyn Wieber will be on a Wheaties box in the fall. The 17-year-old gymnastics sensation hopes to carry the U.S. women's team on her back, all the way to the medal stand.



The U.S. men's basketball team won't be quite what we expect. They'll win. But it won't be pretty. Due to the NBA lockout and condensed 2011-2012 season, the bulk of the American stars are going to be exhausted. They'll have to dig deep to hold off Spain, among others.



Andy Murray will finally get a title at All England. The tennis competition will be taking place at the All England Club, only three weeks after Wimbledon. Andy Murray, the Great English Hope, can't seem to win a Grand Slam final there, but he'll win Olympic gold in front of the home crowd.



Christophe Lemaitre will give Usain Bolt a run for his money. Bolt's the fastest man in the world, and the fastest man of all time. But don't be shocked if Lemaitre, a hero in France, gives him a scare in the 200 meters. He won gold in 2010's European Championships, and bronze in 2011's World Championships.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) FRANK FIFE/GETTY IMAGES, ALEX MOSS/GETTY IMAGES, CAMERON SPENCER/GETTY IMAGES, IAN WALTON/GETTY IMAGES, BRYN LENNON/GETTY IMAGES, VICTORIA WILL/CORBIS OUTLINE, (BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT) EZRA SHAW/GETTY IMAGES, HARRY HOW/GETTY IMAGES, JAMIE SQUIRE/GETTY IMAGES, JULIAN FINNEY/GETTY IMAGES, STU FORSTER/GETTY IMAGES



Leryn Franco
We prefer the Paraguayan javelin thrower's out-of-competition look.



Stephanie Rice
The Australian swimmer raises pool—and viewer—temperatures around the globe.



Whatever happened to ...? Tracking Summer Olympics stars of yesteryear



Michael Johnson
In 2010, the sprinting star of the American '96 Games competed in NBC's *Celebrity Apprentice*. He also trains NFL Draft prospects at the Michael Johnson Performance Center outside Dallas.



Dominique Dawes
The former U.S. Olympic gold-medalist gymnast is the cochair of the President's Council on Fitness, Sports, and Nutrition. She has also worked for Yahoo!, commenting on both the 2008 and 2010 Games.



Cathy Freeman
The biggest name of Sydney's 2000 Games has been busy since she won gold in front of her home fans in the women's 400 meters. In 2011, she gave birth to a girl. She's also an ambassador of the Australian Indigenous Education Foundation.



Carly Patterson
American Patterson won the 2004 All-Around gold medal in women's gymnastics. Now? She's a country singer—or, more accurately, she has released a few country singles.



Ben Johnson
The controversial Canadian sprinter was an energy-drink spokesperson in 2006, then went on to release a tell-all autobiography in 2010 with perhaps the greatest title in the history of autobiographies: *Seoul to Soul*. Now 50, he's a grandfather.



Naturists around the globe have returned the Games to their roots, by staging them in the nude.

By Noah Davis • Illustrations by Abner Devereaux

At the inaugural Olympic Games in 776 BC, a cook from the Greek city-state of Elis won the only event contested, outpacing his countrymen in a 208-yard dash (don't ask). Coroebus, as the first Olympic champion was known, received an olive wreath in recognition of his historic triumph.

Since athletes in the ancient Games competed sans clothes as a way to celebrate the male physique and pay tribute to the gods, the woven branches were the only article Coroebus wore on his body.

When the Olympics returned in the modern era, in 1896, the clothes-free tradition fell by the wayside, but recently some brave souls—outside the International Olympic Committee's jurisdiction, of course—have revived the custom. Several groups of naturists, better known in the United States as nudists, have organized their own Olympics-style competitions in recent years. The Southern United Naturists and the Adam & Eve Social Group hold events

in Australia (Down Under seems to be the nude Olympics center of the world; why are we not surprised?), while Arizona's Canyon State Naturists host a yearly event as well.

The naturists involved are quick to point out that their Olympics focus more on fun and frolic than cutthroat competition. That said, there is a measure of pride in winning such classic events as the three-legged race, the tug-of-war, and the Best Bum competition. Especially in winning the Best Bum competition. While naturists are a relaxed group, happy to let people of all shapes and sizes join in on the festivities, nudism has its roots in physical fitness and striving to maintain healthy body types. (They have that, in addition to nudity, in common with the ancient Games.) In fact, the German Association for Free Body Culture, one of the leading naturist organizations in the world, is affiliated with the German Olympic Sports Federation.

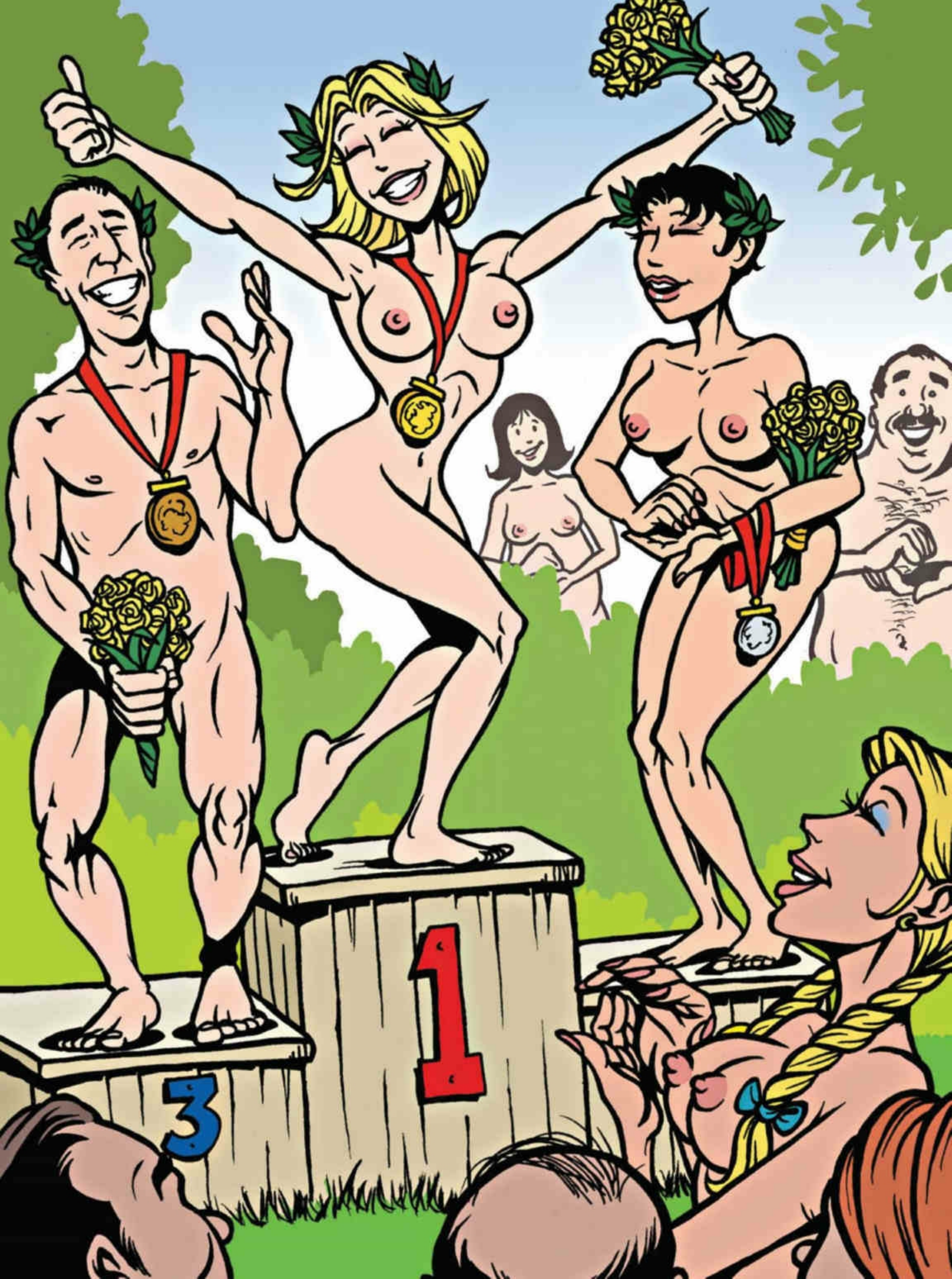
But enough about the philosophy, let's get to the events.

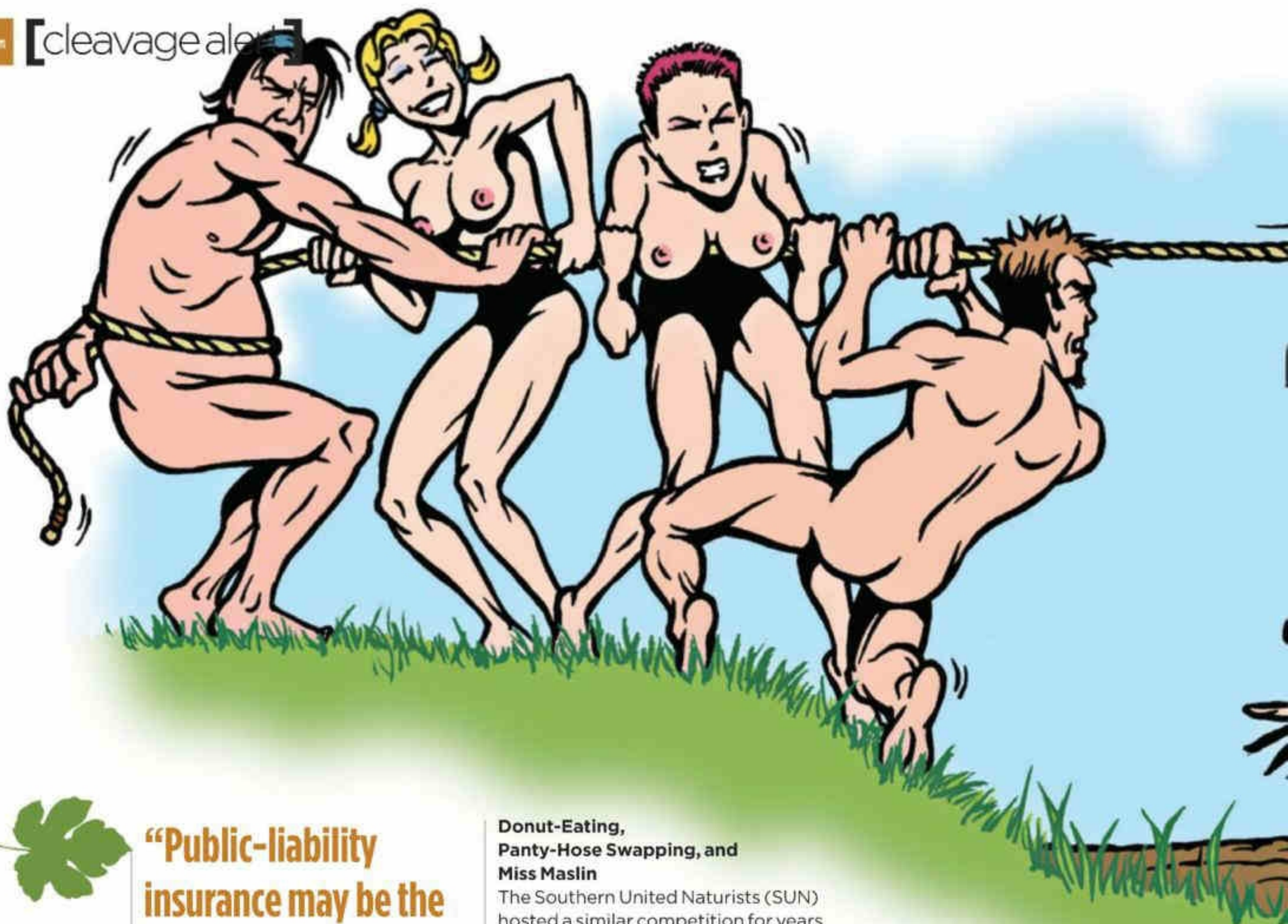
Like a Church Day Out, Minus Clothing

First thing's first: Enthusiasts shy away from the term "Olympics." "We call it the Alexandria Beach Carnival,"

says Les Hotchkin, a member of the Adam & Eve Social Group, which organized the event in 1986. "We make no mention of 'Olympics' as [our event] has nothing to do with elite sportsmanship." The strip of sand, which lies in Queensland's Noosa National Park, about halfway up Australia's eastern coast, has long been an informal nudist hot spot because it is relatively private and difficult to reach.

The Noosa Beach Olympics—sorry, Alexandria Beach Carnival—celebrated its 25th anniversary in 2011. "In 1985, a group of us decided to organize a family sports day at this beach to promote camaraderie among local and visiting nudists, and maybe persuade a few more people to adopt our clothes-free recreational lifestyle," Hotchkin writes in an email. The next year, between 300 and 500 naturists turned out to compete in contests ranging from egg-and-spoon races to sack races and short sprints in the sand. There was also the ever-popular tug-of-war. Hotchkin compares the type of events they stage to those that church groups might do on a day at the beach. Winners receive shirts, hats, and beach towels (but only for lying on—not for covering up, of course).





“Public-liability insurance may be the [deal breaker].” You’d hate to see a nudist Olympics tied down by red tape. Or maybe you wouldn’t, you perv.

The beach carnival gained momentum in subsequent years, drawing 300 people to Alexandria Bay on the Sunshine Coast in 2011. The 2012 event was canceled due to heavy rain and high seas, but it is being rescheduled. The Games, as former IOC president Avery Brundage once said, must go on.

Hotchkin and his fellow naturists are growing older, and so are their supplies. (“They broke the tug-of-war rope last year,” says Hotchkin. “I guess it, too, was suffering from old age!”) But their enthusiasm doesn’t sag—even if various body parts do.

Donut-Eating, Panty-Hose Swapping, and Miss Maslin

The Southern United Naturists (SUN) hosted a similar competition for years at Maslin Beach in Adelaide, roughly 1,600 miles across Oz. The group founded the event in 1985 to promote the social lifestyle of naturists, and to have some fun at the beach. Events ranged from the traditional (three-legged races, sprints) to more unusual fare, including a panty-hose swap and a donut-eating contest. Apparently, not all naturists are dedicated to svelte physiques.

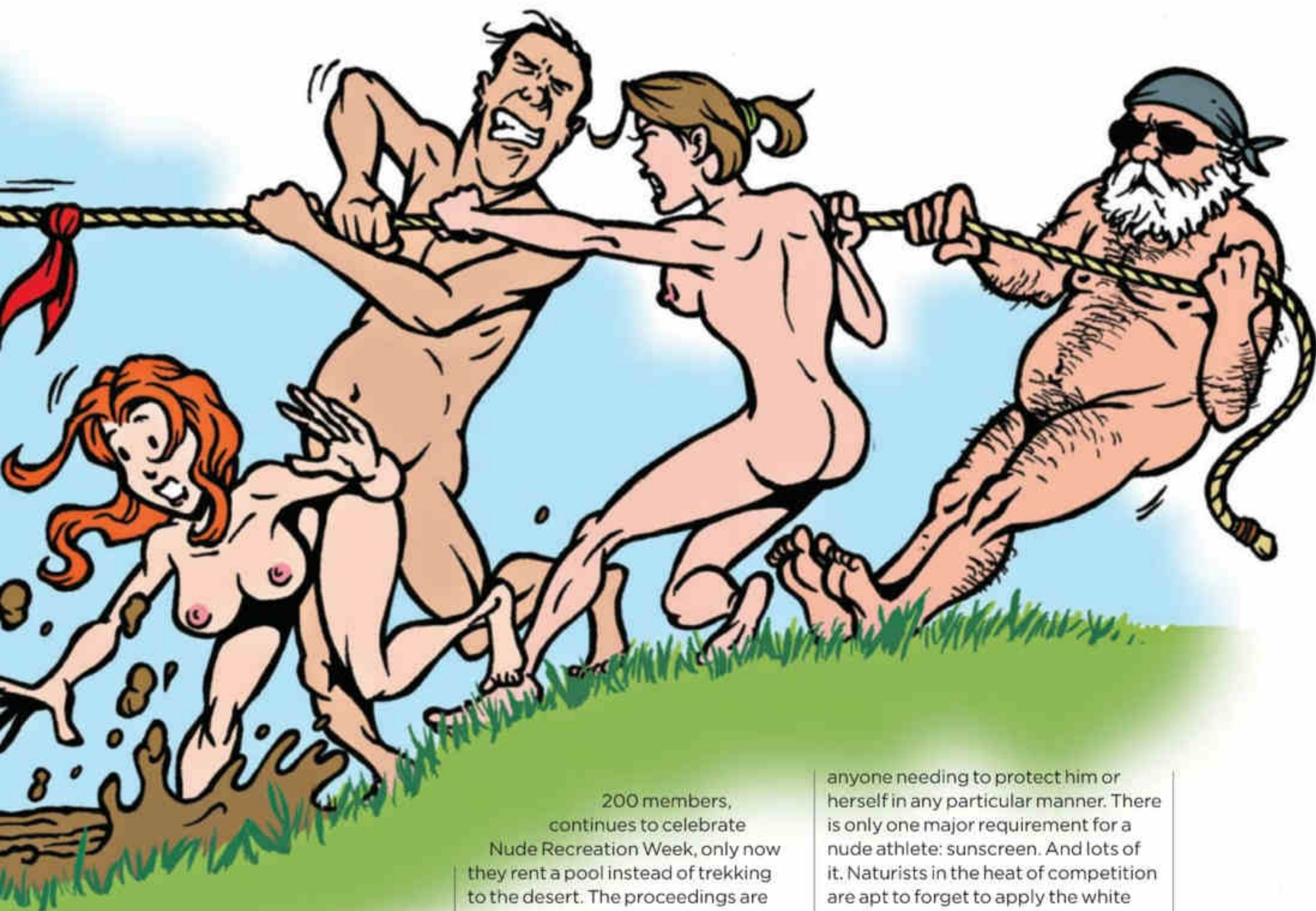
Traditionally, the most popular contests were saved for last. The women in the audience judged the Best Bum competition (awarded to the gentleman with the nicest derriere), while the ladies competed for the honor of being crowned Miss Maslin Junior and Senior. In 2007, a tourist from Boston won the Junior competition, defeating every other 18- to 34-year-old female in attendance. She earned the traditional sash as her prize, along with transcontinental bragging rights, of course.

The Maslin Beach Olympics died out in 2007, due to a lack of manpower to organize the event. The show required sponsorships, council permits, and prizes, and it

cost around \$2,000 to produce. Plenty of people are willing to come, take their clothes off, and jump around, but very few will take the time to make it all come together. But all is not lost. “Recently, one of the local nudist resorts, Pilwarren on the Murray River, has shown an interest in resurrecting the Olympics,” Stephen, SUN’s secretary who helped organize the event, tells *Penthouse*. “There is still some hope of the Olympics happening again; however, public-liability insurance may be the [deal breaker].” You’d hate to see a nudist Olympics tied down by red tape. Or maybe you wouldn’t, you perv.

Au Naturel in Arizona

The rim of the Grand Canyon is one of the most picturesque locations in the world. It is also the perfect place to hold a nude sporting event. Starting in 1994, the Canyon State Naturists took advantage of a member’s property near the natural wonder and hosted their version of the ancient Games, along with a bit of a bacchanal. “It was



a three-day event. We camped. We ate a lot. We drank a lot. We got pretty drunk. We were young back then," says Murphy Johnson, an 18-year board member of the Arizona-based club, with a laugh. (She laughed constantly during our phone interview. Nudists laugh frequently, we discovered.)

The games, a celebration of Nude Recreation Week, were a relaxed affair. In addition to being quick to laugh, naturists are pretty laid-back people. But they did get fired up enough to stage a traditional softball game in the buff. Other highlights included a PVC-pipe javelin toss, an obstacle course, and the three-mile Bare Buns Fun Run. ("Appropriately tailored" shorts were allowed for the jog, according to a story in the *Tuscaloosa News*. Cop-out, we say.) The event also featured a dance on Saturday night.

Unfortunately, the big campout in the Canyon has petered out over the years. But the Canyon State Naturists, which still boasts about

200 members, continues to celebrate Nude Recreation Week, only now they rent a pool instead of trekking to the desert. The proceedings are calmer, with boozy beverages traded for something healthier. Still, there are dangers. "Maybe once in a while someone will do a cannonball in the swimming pool, and we will get pissed because everyone gets water in their drinks," Johnson says, with—you guessed it—a laugh.

Hazards of Nude Competitions


You might think that sprinting, playing softball, or tug-of-war in the nude would present problems that clothed competitors don't have to contend with. We imagine you'd be correct. The potential for rope burns, bouncing breasts, or scrapes in awkward places are issues to consider. And, of course, male competitors have their own set of problems. Indeed, the Greeks wore a thin leather strap called a *kynodesme* that ran from the scrotum to the stomach, and provided a bit of a barrier from flying pebbles and other potential dangers.

Yet the contestants in the modern nude Olympics do not opt for any specific safety equipment. "There is no need for special precautions for our events," Stephen insists. Johnson agrees, saying she doesn't remember

anyone needing to protect him or herself in any particular manner. There is only one major requirement for a nude athlete: sunscreen. And lots of it. Naturists in the heat of competition are apt to forget to apply the white stuff, a dangerous oversight for unprotected skin.

Individual Olympic locations do have their specific dangers as well. "Alexandria Bay is an unpatrolled surf beach, so we do engage a couple of lifesavers and their safety equipment for the day to keep everyone safe in the water," Hotchkin writes, though he understates the case a bit: The waves at Noosa are some of the most hazardous in Australia.

The final consideration, one that certainly does not apply to the regular Olympics, is the issue of unwanted, um, exposure via photography. The Arizona games were held in a protected, private space, but the two Australian events gained notoriety and media coverage, which naturally brought out curious onlookers. The police worried that some of those people might have ulterior motives, leading the club to ban cameras for the 2007 event, and dictate that children be dressed while competing.

That seems reasonable, and we have no doubt that after witnessing the joy of competition embodied (literally) by these folks, Coroebus himself would approve. 

A photograph of actor Mark Duplass lying on his back on a blue, crinkled tarp. He is wearing a white button-down shirt, a red and black striped tie, and blue jeans. His right arm is raised behind his head, and his left hand is resting on his chest. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. In the foreground, the sole of a black shoe with a white geometric pattern is visible, resting on a cardboard box. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

— [interview]

MARK DUPLASS, WHO STARS IN THIS MONTH'S ENDEARING AND FUNNY INDIE FLICK *YOUR SISTER'S SISTER*, IS AN ACTOR, WRITER, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER, AND — IN A PAST LIFE — SINGER.

BY JOHN BOLSTER

QUINTUPLE



There are certainly more famous performers in Hollywood, but you could swing a cat from the San Gabriel foothills to the Santa Monica Pier without hitting a man

under 35 who can top Mark Duplass's career for versatility and success. While he's probably best known as a cast member of FX's hit fantasy football sitcom *The League*, which returns for a fourth season this fall, Duplass has also written and directed six independent films with his brother, Jay, including *Cyrus* (starring Jonah Hill, John C. Reilly, and Marisa Tomei) and *Jeff, Who Lives at Home* (Ed Helms, Jason Segel, and Susan Sarandon).

In addition to his codirecting efforts, Duplass has coproduced 11 features, cowritten 6, and acted in 12, including four released in 2012—*Safety Not Guaranteed*, *Darling Companion*, *People Like Us*, and this month's *Your Sister's Sister*, a spare, subtly humorous spin on a love-triangle narrative. That film, which was directed by Lynn Shelton (*Humpday*), also stars Emily Blunt and Rosemarie DeWitt.

Before all that, Duplass achieved some success as a musician, first as a solo artist on Mercury Records, and then as the frontman for the ridiculously named, eighties-influenced trio Volcano, I'm Still Excited!!

Duplass talked to *Penthouse* recently about *Your Sister's Sister*, the improvisational style he frequently works in, the "mundane buffoonery" he likes to depict on film, and—this being our annual Badass Issue—what that term means to him.

Coming out of the screening for *Your Sister's Sister*, I overheard a middle-aged couple talking about the film. Referring to you, the man said, "That guy, he and his brother made that *Three Stooges* movie."

[Smiling broadly] Fan-tastic.

I went to correct him and then I thought, *Eh, let's just let that one go.* Let's let that ride, yeah. Well, if someone wants to mistake me for one of the Farrelly brothers, I would be fine with that, as long as I can have

access to their bank accounts.

Yes, and their budgets.

Yes.

So what is your level of fame, walking around—do you get recognized?

It's very low-key in Los Angeles. I do get recognized, but L.A.'s a really good place for that because everybody knows that there are [famous] people around there. But when I travel, and when I go in airports and to smaller towns, then the profile goes up, and a lot of that is for *League* fans, people who love the TV show. But so far, it's been all very positive stuff.

Before this film, you were in another Lynn Shelton movie called *Humpday*, in which two straight guys, hilariously, are supposed to get it on. In *Your Sister's Sister*, a lesbian goes to bed with a straight guy. I'm wondering about the borders between those two events. For girls, it's like Canada, you know? "Let's go to Vancouver."

[Laughs] Yes. It's not a massive adventure, yes.

But for guys—

For dudes, we are going Third World.

[Laughs]

It's intense, yeah.

So why is that?

I don't know why that is. And I don't know why I am attracted to—or people are attracted to me—in those projects. Except that I certainly enjoy what I would call "mundane buffoonery." I love these protagonists who, in their everyday lives, encounter these oddball situations that seem farfetched, but could easily happen to you. I love that about *Humpday*, and I love that about *Your Sister's Sister* as well. *Your Sister's Sister* is kind of a love-triangle movie. But it's a new take on the average love-triangle film.

Speaking of new takes, the *Humpday* premise seems almost like a nonstarter, yet it worked as a movie.

Well the goal for *Humpday* was, it sounds odd that these two straight guys would agree to sleep together for a movie, but hopefully, if we seated it as much as we could in naturalism, realism, it would play. And for me, it was never about the fact that these guys were sexually attracted to each other. It was all about what was the greatest dare they could conceive.



Maybe in some small way it was linked to how much they love each other and have a hard time expressing it. But mostly it was about a dare.

Like one-upmanship.

One-upmanship. *I'll fucking do this. I'm so fucking crazy, I will have sex with you. Right here. Right now.* You know? It's kind of the ultimate of dares. There's just something funny about that.

There is. And the movie was really funny. Tell us about the improvisational style you used for *Your Sister's Sister*.

We employed the same style as *Humpday*, which is to start with a really strong scene outline, so that you know exactly what your characters are supposed to do and achieve in the scene. You've got this road map, from point A to point B. But every line of dialogue is improvised. It's a process that can yield gold or it can yield, quite frankly, some pretty big shit bombs. Sometimes you get in

there and the lightning just strikes. And sometimes you're like, *Ahh, I kinda wish we had a script here ... that would be helpful.* And that's the risk you run with that process. But I really believe in it. I believe that, for these kinds of films, the unexpected things you can get outweigh the benefits you get from planning.

How does that compare to how you operate on *The League*, which is also largely improvised?

It's very similar. But the thing that is much easier about shooting *The League* is that it has zero emotional content in it. *The League* is fun and naturalism and jokes and camaraderie. We're not really towing long storylines over the course of 90 minutes like you are in a film. So it's much easier to achieve what makes *The League* good than it is to achieve what makes a dramedy work over 90 minutes.

How much improvising had Emily Blunt and Rosemarie DeWitt done before this project?

Rose had not done much. Emily's first film, *My Summer of Love*, was a drama, but it was all improvised, so she was somewhat used to it. But she hadn't done it in eight years or so. But of course they were fucking amazing, from the first day. If anything, I ended up learning more from them than they did from me. I was very comfortable and had improvised a lot before, [but they showed me] how to improvise and be natural but also maintain your composure and your physicality, to make sure you're catching the light.

At the start of the film, your character, Jack, is best friends with Blunt's character, Iris. Can a guy and a girl ever be just good friends?

It's a fascinating question. It's one that *When Harry Met Sally...* raised for us [laughs]—and it's certainly been raised before that in different terms. Look, in my own life, I'm married and I have a daughter and a kid on the way, and I'm very firmly entrenched as a married-life guy. I have a relationship with my producing partner Stephanie Langhoff, who I've known for years.

"My first badass figure was Richard Linklater. This guy, who had no connections to the industry, picked up a camera, made *Slacker*, and just came onto the film scene.... That gave me the courage to become a filmmaker."

And we are just buds. That works there. I think it's a little harder of a situation for a character like Jack, who is aimless and not married, to very clearly draw that line that Iris is just his friend. It's a little more confusing for him because he's searching for intimacy. When you're on the lookout for it I think it's harder to draw that line than it is for, say, me in my real life.

In the latter half of the film, one of the characters does something that's way over the line. Without giving any spoilers, can you talk about how you reconciled that, creatively?

Well, the characters in *Your Sister's Sister*—all three of them, at some point—do some pretty extreme things. One of them in particular does something very extreme. We were very interested in seeing how far you can push a character and the wrong things that they do, and still maintain an audience's understanding. If not their full sympathy—at least their understanding—and how that would play out. So that element exists in this

story, and we were very interested in showing flawed people doing some fucked-up things to see if audiences would ride with them. Because we love all these characters, and hopefully we can get [the audience] to say, "That was crazy. But I could see how, maybe, if I was in that situation and desperate, I might do the same thing."

And as we all know, people do those kinds of things—all the time.

People do that shit. Yeah.

Alcohol plays a role, too. In fact, in both *Humpday* and *Your Sister's Sister*, alcohol is almost a plot device.

It's funny, I didn't think about that—alcohol as a facilitator of some pretty crazy decisions in both of those films—but I think you are right. I've certainly done my fair share of stupid things after a few drinks. And of course your first argument is, *I was just drunk*. But then the natural comeback is, *Yes, the drunk only lubricated the ability for that thing to come out. You always wanted to do that*. That's an argument that I think every husband and wife, or

boyfriend and girlfriend, have had.

Your movie *The Do-Deca-Pentathlon* is about two brothers who create their own private Olympics. My brothers did the same thing in the late 1990s, and they still carry grudges over it today.

Yeah, there's something to the statement "old habits die hard" when it comes to the brothers thing. You can be 40 years old or 60 years old, but you remember these things. You remember the way that Ping-Pong ball hit you in 1987.... And as for any cheating [in the events], I don't know why, but it's like *Teen Wolf*. It's like a trigger happens and the fucking wolf comes out. Jay and I are pretty sensitive, emotionally evolved human beings, but you catch us on the wrong moment... watch out.

Speaking of competition, since you grew up near New Orleans, are you a Saints fan?

Yeah, I lived there till I was 18. *Huge* Saints fan.

Tough times for you now. [*The Saints were heavily penalized for a bounty program they ran that targeted opposing players for injuries.*]

It's been rough times, but they fucking deserve it. I hate to say it, but you gotta draw the line, and you can't be doing that shit. Honestly, I think in the end they're going to get off easy, relatively speaking. I love my Saints, and they'll be fine, but the truth is, something weird's been happening to me. Not only am I a Saints fan, but I'm also a huge underdog fan—for cities that need a sporting team to believe in and have been down and out for years.

Like Cleveland?

Well, after the Saints won the Super Bowl, I found myself getting interested in Detroit. Because that city needs something so bad!

That's true.

They had that [10-6] season last year, and I didn't want my heart to start turning, but I started to fall in love with another team [laughs].

You're straying.

Yeah! I'm straying, man. I mean, I'll always have my Saints. But I'm going to be watching Detroit next year, certainly.


You get used to this one mentality, and then when your team finally wins, you're like, *Oh, wait a minute. I need a new underdog.*

I need a new underdog. I do.

Since this is our Badass Issue, I have to ask, what's your idea of a badass?

The what-is-a-badass-to-me has changed a lot over the years. The first badass figure to me in my adult understanding was Richard Linklater. This guy, who was a high school athlete, had no connections to the film industry, picked up a camera, made *Slacker*, and just came onto the film scene. I was like, *What the fuck business does this guy have making movies?* And that gave me the courage to become a filmmaker. So he was like my original badass hero. But now—and this sounds so ridiculous—it's the dads at the mall with five kids who manage to be a decent dad and not be destroyed by it, and get through the day without dying.

Or killing someone.

Or killing someone. [Laughs] The hardened criminal, in prison for life, has *nothing* on the suburban dad who can hold down that fort. 



winning hands

We all know that there are no ties when you're playing poker, and that there are no losers when you're playing strip poker. Now we also all know that when nudity-inspiring cards are put in the hands of Katie K. and Alexis Texas, we all win.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker



















SEE MORE OF KATIE AND ALEXIS AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



Tattoo You

*Before you commit
to being inked for life,
getschooled by a
seasoned tattoo artist.*

By Shane Enholm

More people are tattooing now than at any other time in history. The culture is everywhere—on clothes, on billboards, and on energy drinks. In the roughly eight square miles of Hollywood, there are more than 120 tattoo shops. In 1983, there were only three.

But believe it or not, this is not the first time in our nation's history that tattooing was popular. It was all the rage between the 1890s and the first two decades of the twentieth century. I know that might be surprising, as we do not see it in our history books. But there weren't computers, air travel, personal cameras, interstate highways, etc. If your great-great-grandmother got a butterfly tattooed on her ass, she couldn't take a picture of it with her cellphone and post it to her Facebook page. Chances are, it was her secret.

Trixie Richardson, a heavily tattooed woman and tattoo artist from the 1920s, said she inked 10,000 tattoos in the summer of 1925 on the Jersey Shore. That's a lot of tattoos! Bear in mind that, back then, despite ads of the time claiming tattooing was "electric, scientific, and painless," it was anything but painless, just like today. However, that was before the Harrison Act, so topical cocaine solutions were widely available. Now, we use lidocaine gel.

In those days, clothing companies were visiting Manhattan's seedy Bowery, which was a huge epicenter of tattooing, to get designs from tattooers to put on clothes. Does that sound



familiar? From what can be learned by what little is documented about this, a lot of the garments were swimwear, and the designs picked were by Lew Alberts (who was a wallpaper designer before he was a tattooer) and Charlie Wagner (known as Professor Wagner—a lot of tattooers called themselves “Professor,” a nod to that era’s scientific revolution).

Today, many customers want tattoos that movie stars and rap artists have, another trend that’s straight out of history. A hundred years ago, English tabloids helped bring the tattooing fad to a fever pitch when the two sons of the then-Prince of Wales (Edward VIII and George VI, who both later became king) were tattooed in faraway Japan. Other European monarchs followed suit. The British princes both got dragons, which was publicized in such tabloids as *The National Police Gazette* (the *National Enquirer* of the time). The back of that magazine was full of ads for tattooers. Likely because of that press, some of the first travel brochures for Japan listed the addresses of Japanese tattooers.

Some people back in the day got their bodies tattooed so they could join the circus as a sideshow act. St. Louis tattooer Bert Grimm inked a whole family and received excellent Missouri property as payment.

“Nice” women were not showing even a little leg back then—good spanking material was a glimpse of some girl’s ankle—so people weren’t exactly showing off their tattoos.

That family went off and joined a traveling circus in pursuit of fame and fortune. Circuses, at one time, were the only places people in rural areas could get tattoos. Also, it was after seeing the circus that many future tattoo artists decided on that career. Owen Jensen, for instance, saw Buffalo Bill Cody’s Wild West show in Utah in 1911, and received his first exposure to the art form. He went on to tattoo for the next 60 years, and is still one of the best-known old-timers of the twentieth century.

Why is so little known about the history of tattooing in America? For one thing, “nice” women were not showing even a little leg back then—good spanking material was a glimpse of some girl’s ankle—so people weren’t exactly showing off their tattoos. Also, it was a scandalous enough career choice that many tattooers changed their names so as not to shame their families. Times have changed—these days, I have soccer moms coming into the shop showing me their daughters’ drawings, hoping the girls can become the next Kat Von D.

The lack of personal cameras is a big reason why we don’t see how popular tattooing was in the beginning of the twentieth century. In fact, tattooers believe that fellow artist Bert Grimm invented the photo booth. Grimm had a shop in St. Louis for years, and also owned a photography studio right next door, probably out of a necessity to document his tattoos. Because of this, more photos survive of his work than any other tattooer of his generation.

Until about 15 years ago, the only information about the history of tattooing was oral history. The tricks of the trade were guarded fanatically. Tools and inks were all handmade, and what few suppliers there were were kept secret. Buying equipment came with other challenges: Professor



Jackie Daniels

Charlie Wagner received an order for a tattoo machine from an aspiring artist, and he sent the machine unassembled. When the customer complained, Wagner wrote back, "You should know how to assemble it if you want to know how to use it."

Tattooing popularity ebbs and flows. When wars broke out (the Spanish-American War, and the big ones that they numbered), shops popped up everywhere there were sailors and soldiers. Slogans like "Remember the Maine" and "Remember Pearl Harbor" were constantly inked—similar to the Twin Tower memorials we did a decade ago. Maybe that gives you something to think about while you drink an energy booster with a few sparrows and the homeward-bound banner on the label—it's really nothing new. That's one of the things I first learned as a young tattooer—that we're copiers; it has all been done before. 

Shane Enholm has been tattooing for almost 30 years, after being taught by legendary John "Horse" Sandler, who also taught Enholm how to rob banks. They both ended up in prison, where Enholm served eight years for 29 bank robberies. He was released 17 years ago, and for the past seven years has tattooed at Santa Clarita Tattoo in California.



Shane Enholm

So You Wanna Get a Tattoo?



Kat Von D

How do you choose a tattooer? With the wide availability of tattoo equipment, you have people tattooing everywhere. But just because some guy is sitting in a shop doesn't mean he's good. Remember, you are the most important person in this situation; without the customer, tattooers are nowhere. A lot of the "artists" that now plague our industry can tattoo, but you may not get the tattoo you want. You're going to get the tattoo that the artist wants to display on Facebook and leave as a monument to himself. These "monument builders" may be good at application, but this is your life and your body. You may as well put curtains over the counter and theater seats in the waiting room for the "performance" some of these guys give. So watch out—if a tattooer makes you feel as if you are not the most important person in the design decision, walk away.

The biggest problem we face as tattooers is not spreading hepatitis; it's fame and egos. So many tattooers


now think they're going to be, or are already, famous. I just laugh, because all we are doing is putting colored scabs on people—we ain't curing cancer. And nothing we are doing has not already been done before; this is an art form based on copying.

So, don't look for your artist in high-end shops. There are good shops in a lot of out-of-the-way places; don't look only in Hollywood or New York City. Some of the best tattooers in the world don't have their names in lights; they're too busy working, drawing, living real lives. Look at their portfolios, which don't need to be filled with full-bodysuit pictures, just regular tattoos. See if they can line, shade, and color. The subject matter is a different issue, but if you see a tattoo in a portfolio that's similar to what you want, you're that much closer to getting it. A good tattooer is versatile and should be able to do whatever you want.

Another big fallacy is that you shouldn't pick a design off the wall. Customers think

that if they pick their design off the wall, it's not original, but then they walk in with a printout from a Google image search. Are you fucking kidding me? Most of the designs on my shop's wall were painted by my friends, and maybe only five shops in the whole world have them, but a Google search is more original?

Now, the price: You don't want to get robbed, but how much did you spend on those jeans? Those shoes? Are you gonna bargain-shop for something that you're going to take to the grave with you? Figure on spending between \$150 and \$500. That ain't much for a lifetime. Remember, no matter what you see on reality shows or the internet, tattooing is just a service industry. However, you should listen to the advice of your artist—that's why you need to feel comfortable, welcome, and important.

With eight out of ten people between the ages of 18 and 26 getting tattooed, maybe the two who don't get them are the real rebels now. I mean, it's not scary to see someone covered in tattoos anymore. It's common, and for me, it's sad. People have no room left on their bodies by the time they're 26. I'm almost 50. I hand-poked my first tattoo when I was 12, and I still have half my body left. I've got a lot of living to do yet, ya dig? This won't be good for my business, but maybe the best advice I can give you is to stay away from tattoos altogether. 

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

■ JUICED

Are there any supplements that can boost a guy's testosterone levels?

If I were asked this question ten years ago, I would've assumed you were a bodybuilder or some other kind of athlete looking for a performance edge. But now guys are a lot more aware—thanks in part to drug ads on TV—that testosterone isn't only important for building muscle and growing a beard. It's essential to men's sexual functioning and overall health, too.

It's also a fact that men's testosterone levels decline by 1 percent every year after age 30. And plenty of recent evidence shows that this decline in testosterone can affect sexual performance and libido. So, I'm going to assume you're more concerned about your mojo than your bench press.

Several years back, there was a lot of excitement over so-called "prohormone" dietary supplements. These are natural chemicals that the body can convert into testosterone. You may recall a little scandal about them involving Major League hitter Mark McGwire. The supplement McGwire has admitted to using during his record-breaking 1998 season was called androstenedione, or "Andro."

Ironically, studies show that Andro does not actually help build muscle or strength. Some studies show modest testosterone increases in men taking Andro at high doses. But it also may increase estrogen levels, which can have a feminizing effect on men's bodies and impair sexual function. About eight years ago, the feds put Andro on the controlled-substances list, making it illegal to sell or use. So you can't have it.

DHEA is another prohormone that's still sold as a dietary supplement. Most studies show that it doesn't raise testosterone levels in men, though one recent study showed increased testosterone levels in a small group

of 65- to 75-year-old men who took DHEA for a year. They had an average increase in testosterone of 20 percent. Andro also appears to increase testosterone levels more in older men. But DHEA is also similar to Andro in that it increases estrogen levels.

As for all the herbal stuff, who knows? Claims about the magical properties of this herb or that root abound, but scientific evidence is scant or none. Personally, I wouldn't bother with any of it.

Short of getting a prescription for a testosterone patch—which you can only get if your testosterone is very low—there's no supplement you can take.

That's not to say there's nothing you can do. There are very well-researched ways to bump up your testosterone, or at least maintain normal levels.

First, get active and lean. Overweight and sedentary men tend to have lower testosterone levels. But don't overdo dieting and exercise, either. Studies have shown that low testosterone is common in extreme-endurance athletes. Severe calorie restriction also lowers testosterone levels, so don't crash-diet to take off weight.

You might hear that weight lifting boosts testosterone. It's true, but this fact is often misunderstood. A man's testosterone level spikes for about 30 minutes after a bout of heavy lifting. Then it goes back to the baseline level.

The last thing I'll mention is sleep. Studies show that how long you sleep has a direct effect on testosterone levels. The longer you sleep at night, the higher your testosterone levels during the day. One study showed that testosterone levels were 14 percent lower in men who slept four to six hours a night compared with men who slept more than eight hours. Men who got less than four hours of sleep had 35 percent lower testosterone levels than those who got more than eight hours.



■ TRAMP-STAMP MYTH

Is it true that if a girl has a "tramp stamp" tattoo she's promiscuous? I also heard that a tramp stamp means she's into anal or doggie-style.

Those rumors are ridiculous and untrue. Yet somehow they're out there and people believe them. And it's not just here in the United States. In the U.K. and Europe, a lower-back tattoo on a woman is termed a "slag tag."

The myth that a lower-back tattoo is code for liking anal sex sounds a lot like the rumors that went around a few years ago about teens wearing color-coded "sex bracelets" to signal their willingness to engage in various sexual acts. That was more or less an urban legend.

I also wonder if mainly young people hold the notion that a tramp stamp

signals promiscuity. I remember when lower-back tattoos became popular, in the nineties, when tattoos of all kinds went mainstream. The lower back was a convenient place for women to get inked, because they could hide it easily under business attire, or choose to reveal it by wearing the hip-hugger jeans that were in style. These tattoos were considered sexy, but not particularly slutty.

Because they were so popular, plenty of strippers and porn stars got them as well. Of course, their tattoos are more visible. I suspect that young people who missed the genesis of the fad might consider these tattoos a "stamp" of promiscuity just because they see them on scantily clad and nude women—not realizing that many of their teachers, bosses, and friends' moms have "tramp stamps," too.



PHOTOGRAPH BY (FAR LEFT) MEL CURTIS/GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT PAGE) SIE PRODUCTIONS/CORBIS

■ SPARK IN THE BEDROOM

My girlfriend says she's interested in electrosex, and she wants me to try it with her. It sounds extreme, from what she's told me. What's it all about? Is it safe?

Any intense sensation can be erotic, or create a heightened sense of eroticism for some people. And for every sensation, including electric shock, there's a niche in the world of kink.

Electrosex—also known as erotic electrostimulation, e-stim, or electrical play—is a form of BDSM (bondage and discipline, domination and submission, sadism and masochism) play.

As you probably know, electrical play involves shocking a partner with an electric device of some sort. How intense—and how painful—those shocks are depends on who's playing. Everyone who gets involved in BDSM play has different limits. Some bottoms (submissives) are self-described “pain sluts.” And some tops (dominants) like to scare their partners and make them scream. Yet others prefer to keep things fairly light.

The idea of shocking someone with electric current may call to mind disturbing images of brutal Third World interrogations, ghoulish psychiatric treatment, or heavy-handed police tactics (“Don’t tase me, bro!”). I’m sure that’s part of the appeal for sexual sadists and masochists. But it’s worth remembering that from the 1700s to the early twentieth century, parlor games that involved people giving one another electric shocks were popular amusements.


A relatively common toy for electrical play is called the violet wand. It’s essentially an update of an early-twentieth-century medical device called the violet ray. People believed that high-frequency current generated by the violet ray had a “tonic” effect on the tissues. Like the violet ray, the violet wand is a handheld electrical transformer that discharges electric current through various accessories. It has glass-tube attachments of various shapes that glow when the current is on. Some are shaped to be inserted into orifices. Other attachments are used on the surface of the skin.



The shock comes when the tube is held slightly away from the body, creating an arc of current. The violet wand also has metal electrode attachments. One way to use it is for you to hold the electrode so that the current flows through your body. You don’t feel it, but you can zap your partner with a touch of your finger. Or your partner can hold the electrode, and you can administer shocks by touching his or her body with your hands, or with any object that conducts electricity. Different objects and variations in touch create different sensations. People get very creative with this.

A violet wand can produce such a wide range of sensation that I don’t think you’d necessarily have to be into BDSM to use it as a sex toy. By comparison, you’d have to be into the dynamics of pain and fear to deliver shocks via electrodes on the nipples and genitals, or to hit your partner with a cattle prod.

Generally speaking, electrical play is safe, as long as you’re using something that’s meant to be used on people, and as long as both partners are healthy. Never play with electricity if either partner has a heart defect, a pacemaker (or any other kind of implanted medical device), has a seizure disorder, or is pregnant. That said, the effects of electricity on the body are unpredictable, so I can’t say it’s completely harmless.

Before you try anything, it would be a good idea to make contact with the kink community and get advice from someone experienced with electrical play. If you have a local kink shop, go in and talk to someone who works there. There are also plenty of online kink forums where you could post questions. Another possibility would be to contact a professional dominatrix who’d be willing to give you advice; or you and your girlfriend could pay for a private training session. 

FIRE DOWN BELOW

ONE MORNING I WAS AWAKENED BY A KNOCK ON MY DOOR. I WAS STILL TYING THE BELT OF MY ROBE AS I ANSWERED.

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL • COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

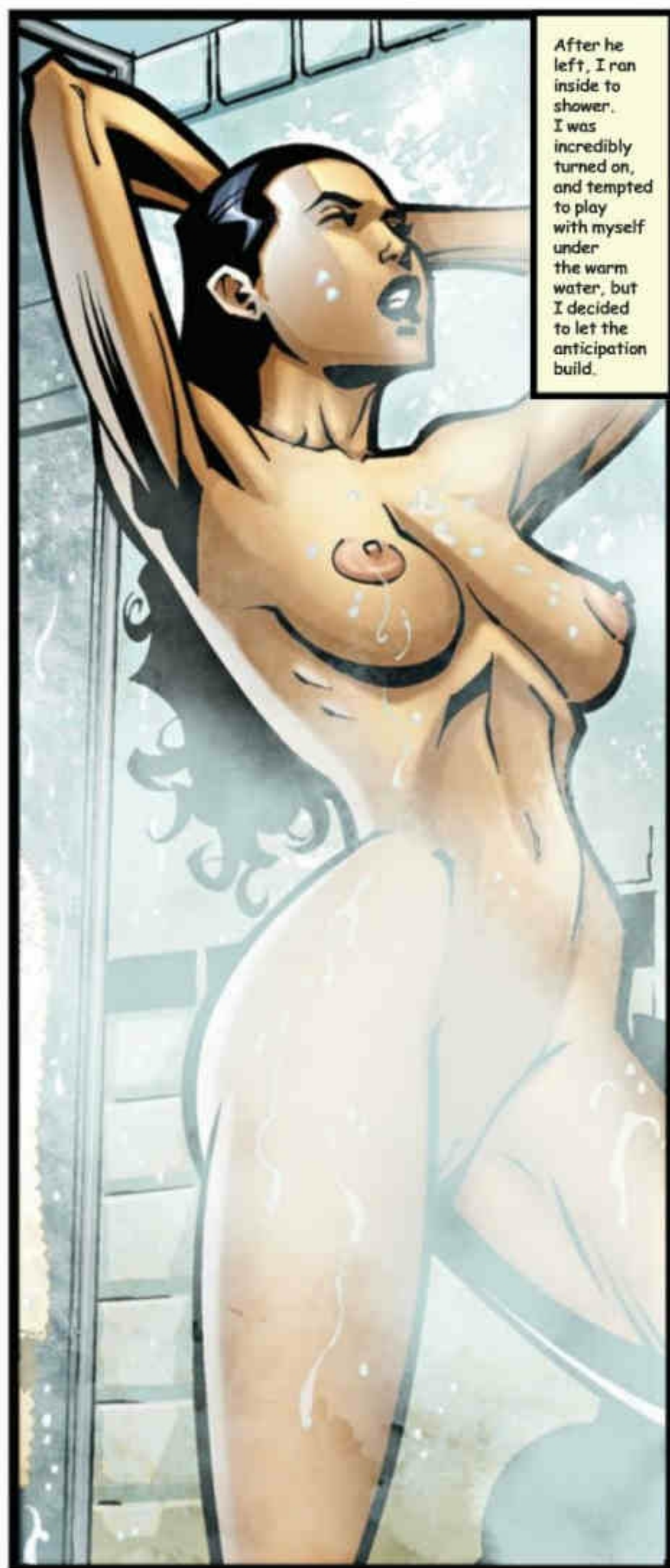


He had to be the most handsome fireman I had ever seen.



Suddenly I was wide-awake and inviting him inside.





After he left, I ran inside to shower. I was incredibly turned on, and tempted to play with myself under the warm water, but I decided to let the anticipation build.







He pushed in slowly, and after only a few strokes, I came as his hot come spurted into me.







spice is nice

Nineteen-year-old Pepper Kester is an up-and-coming adult performer, and this 33-24-36 redhead has big plans: "I get paid to have sex with beautiful women, which is incredible. I figure I'll go to college when pornoland plays out. But if I had big money right now, I'd buy Scenic, South Dakota, and turn it into something amazing. The whole city is for sale."

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



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till she's squealing."



"My favorite fantasy is to fuck one girl with a harness and another with a strap-on ... and maybe a third with a handheld dildo."





"The best sexual experience I've ever had was in a threesome. I was fucking a chick with my strap-on, and getting fucked at the same time. It was amazing getting bumped back and forth."



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■ OFFICEROMANCE

The office I work in was being renovated, and the supervisor took me through it frequently to inspect the progress. As the office manager, it was my responsibility to ensure the work was done correctly.

When the supervisor and I were first introduced, there was an immediate mutual attraction, and after several tours of the facility, it was obvious—to me, at least—that we were going to act on the sexual tension sooner rather than later. Thankfully, one Friday afternoon, it became clear that we were on the same wavelength. For the first time, there wasn't a single worker on the premises as we did our walk-through.

I turned to him as I stepped into the conference room, stopping when I was only inches in front of him. Taking my not-so-subtle hint, he bent down to kiss me, making every nerve ending in my body tingle. Then he opened my blouse and exposed my full breasts, sucking on my nipples as I undid his belt buckle. After I exposed his already-hard dick, which my pussy was screaming for, we finished undressing and got ready to fulfill our desires.

Once we were on the floor, he

slowly kissed my entire body, and when he reached my wet pussy, he brought me off three times, leaving me gasping for breath and begging for a taste of the sweet nectar dripping from his dick. I took the head of his cock into my mouth, licking it up and down on both sides while caressing his balls.

His dick got even harder, and I told him I wanted him to fuck me like there was no tomorrow. Slowly, he entered my tight, wet pussy, and he fucked me hard and fast—until I told him I wanted to lick off the juices covering his cock again. He shuddered with excitement when I said that, and groaned deeply when I deep-throated his dick. Then, when he was about to climax, I pulled him from my mouth and told him I wasn't ready for him to explode just yet, that I had more I wanted to do to him, with him, and for him.

I planted kisses all over his

muscular body while I stroked his dick, then I rode his cock as if our lives depended on it. With all the bouncing up and down, I came several times, but I still wasn't ready for him to release his load. While still on top of him, I pulled his dick out and gently pushed it into my ass, lowering my hips slowly. His face lit up like a kid's on Christmas morning.

I rode him for what seemed like an eternity, and both of us enjoyed every minute of him being deep in my backdoor. Then he said he wanted to see his dick fucking my ass, so I slowly eased off him and let him get behind me doggie-style. He took my ass for a few more minutes, and when he was about to shoot his load, he asked me where I wanted it. I told him I wanted it on my breasts, and quickly turned around as soon as his shaft was out of my ass. He exploded. His come got all over my tits, splashing up to my chin. I quickly wiped it up with my fingers and licked them clean.

That was the first of many encounters, and even though I had to hear a ton of complaints from people when we moved into the new space, being in charge of the move was the best assignment I've ever had.—J.J., Florida

I let him get behind me, and he took my ass for a few more minutes, until he was about to shoot his load.



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THE BEST REVENGE

This morning my friend Jenna came over to tell me that she and her boyfriend had broken up. She'd caught him with another girl, and she was beyond pissed. Then she said the words I'd waited years to hear: "I need to fuck someone else and even the score. You interested?"

"Hell, yeah, I'm interested," I said. "You can take out your frustration on me!"

She was all over me in a second—her arms and legs wrapped around my body, and her lips glued to mine. I responded quickly, returning her kisses and running my hands up and down her back. Things escalated pretty fast, and I was fucking her in no time, my rock-hard dick pounding into her pussy without pause. Jenna was moaning loudly as I thrust in and out of her, our sweaty bodies sliding against each other on the cramped sofa as we tried to get ourselves off. We were both so excited that it didn't take long. I was first, shooting my hot jizz into her cunt while she wiggled under me. That set her off, and a minute later she was coming, too, her pussy gripping my cock and milking me dry.

When it was all over, we rolled off the couch and lay on the floor, panting. "Did you get it out of your system?"

Jenna laughed and said, "That was a good start, but he's been fucking that bitch for a month. Let's go get some breakfast before we go again. I hope you don't have any plans for a couple of days."

"Nothing I can't put off. I'm all yours till Monday morning."

"Great. I might just be done with you by then," Jenna said, grinning.—*D.H., Illinois*



SAPPHIC SCHOOLGIRLS

My friend Allison and I like to roleplay whenever possible, and our favorite fantasy to act out is students from an all-girls school hooking up after class. We both went to private school, and we still have our uniforms tucked away in the back of our closets for just such an event. We don't take them out often, but when we do, it's always a lot of fun.

Last weekend, Ali and I decided to play dress-up, and out came the uniforms. Sometimes we have a storyline that we run through, a script we make up before we play, but last week all we cared about was seeing each other in our skimpy schoolgirl outfits. We met at our favorite local pub for drinks, all dressed up. It's always fun to tease guys when we're dressed up, and I knew we'd both get more than a little hot and bothered if we were out in public in our uniforms. It would definitely make the sex that much better when we got home.

I got to the bar first, and I was sipping a pint of beer when Allison showed up. We had nearly matching plaid skirts, but it looked like she'd shortened hers since the last time she'd worn it. Our white button-downs were the same, too, but again,

hers looked altered. It seemed to hug her DD breasts even more tightly, and her cleavage was absolutely breathtaking. I took my eyes off her tits just long enough to gesture to the bartender to bring her a drink, and then I continued to gaze longingly at her ample chest.

Ali didn't mind the attention, and she leaned in close to whisper in my ear, giving me a bird's-eye view down her shirt. "Like what you see?" she asked with a chuckle. I'd been eye-fucking her since she walked in the door, and when she spoke, it startled me. I suddenly remembered that we were in public—and that I should have at least said hello before so blatantly ogling my girlfriend's beautiful breasts.

I smiled bashfully before pulling Ali close and kissing her, pushing my tongue between her lips so I could explore her mouth. She tasted like an ice-cold beer, and I definitely didn't mind. I kissed her until I ran out of breath, and then I finally pulled back, inhaled deeply, and took a gulp of my beer. She started to laugh again, but I cut her short with another kiss, this time sliding my hand up her thigh and under her supershort skirt. She had over-the-knee socks on, but they stopped well below the hem of her mini, and I felt nothing but her silky-smooth skin under my fingers. While I caressed her thigh, she reached out and started to pull my shirt from the waist of my skirt, slipping her hand under the stiff white cotton to stroke my stomach. Her touch was delicate but arousing, and I moaned into her

She had my skirt pushed up and her face between my legs. Ali loves to eat pussy, and she lapped hungrily at mine.



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cared—that more than a little skin was showing when we left. We weren't worried about anything except getting into bed as soon as we could.

Ali's apartment is only a few blocks from the bar, and we raced back to her place, our skirts and shirts flying up and baring even more of our bodies. At least we were living up to the "naughty" bit of our naughty-schoolgirl fantasy.

We were half undressed by the time we got to the bedroom, and we hurried to strip out of the rest of our clothes—well, most of them. Shirts, bras, and panties were ripped off, while socks and skirts stayed on, making sure we got the full fantasy experience while we fucked. Besides, there was something extra-naughty about getting off while we still had some clothes on.

Ali took charge in the bedroom, like usual, and after another deep kiss, she pushed me down on the mattress and crawled over me. She rubbed her body against mine as she slithered onto the bed, but as soon as she was in position to kiss me again, she turned herself around and put us in a sixty-nine. Before I even realized what she was doing, she had my skirt pushed up around my waist and her face buried between my legs. Ali loves to eat pussy, and she lapped hungrily at mine. She was so focused on getting her mouth on my cunt, in fact, that every time I tried to get a taste of hers, she'd move, not wanting my pussy-eating to distract her from her own.

Eventually, I got Ali to stay still long enough for me to plant my lips on her twat, and as soon as I got my tongue in her, she moaned against my pussy. It didn't stop her from eating me out, though, and it soon became a battle between us as we each tried to outdo the other. She used her fingers to work my pussy as I played with the edges of her socks, trailing my fingers up and down from the elastic bands to the hem of her skirt and back again. It was driving her crazy, but she refused to let me win. She sucked my clit hard, trying to distract me from my ministrations.

We were fucking each other furiously, fingers and tongues thrusting into twats and working over clits. When I felt my cunt start to quiver, I knew I was on the verge of a major climax, and from the way my friend was furiously fingering me, she was getting close, too. She's always more aggressive when she's about to orgasm, and that night was no different. I came first, my cunt spasming

mouth, our lip-lock continuing as we felt each other up.

When we separated the second time, our clothes slightly askew, I noticed that we were getting lascivious stares from the guys in the pub. It wasn't unexpected, considering our attire and behavior, but I definitely hadn't figured on having every eye in the place on us. I silently alerted Ali to our audience, and she quickly pulled me to her for another searing kiss. She loves to be the center of attention, and it wasn't enough for her to simply be the hot girl in the plaid skirt. She needed everyone around us to know exactly what we were up to. Again, I wasn't complaining. Whatever Ali wanted to do was fine with me, as long as she took me home with her at the end of the night.

Once Ali was sure that all eyes were on us, she was done, and after slamming a \$20 bill down on the bar, she grabbed my hand and pulled me out the door. Neither of us noticed—or

Shirts, bras, and panties were ripped off, while socks and skirts stayed on, so we got the full fantasy experience.

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wildly around Ali's fingers as my juices gushed out of me. I didn't stop licking her pussy, though, and as wave after wave of ecstasy washed over me, I continued to lave her lips and clit, doing everything I knew to get her off as soon as I could. When I finally gave in to my feelings of pleasure and moaned into her cunt, she let go and had her own orgasm. Her tangy juices flooded my mouth, and I lapped up every bit that she offered, savoring the taste of her on my tongue. We didn't stop eating each other until we had licked up every last drop, and even then we gave each other a few more licks, neither of us ready to give up the delicious taste of pussy.

We rested for a few minutes and then peeled off our skirts (though our socks stayed in place). Then we got out the dildos and lube and readied ourselves for round two. We may have finished up the schoolgirl fantasy—for now, at least—but we were far from done being naughty.—*Name and address withheld*

■ ROUGH STUFF

"I want to fuck you until you can't walk anymore," he'd said, and as I lay in bed, exhausted, I knew he'd reached his goal.

I'd just walked in the door when he'd pulled me to him and attacked my lips with his own, his tongue delving into my mouth, exploring every inch. From there, it had been straight to the bedroom. He'd hoisted me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and raced upstairs, silencing me with light whacks on my ass when I asked what had gotten into him.

Jay had been especially horny lately, but this was beyond what I'd ever expected from him. But I liked

I liked his aggressive side, and every time he smacked my butt I felt my pussy twitch, the warmth spreading.

his aggressive side, and every time he smacked my butt I felt my pussy twitch, the warmth from his hand spreading throughout my entire body.

When we reached the bedroom, he tossed me onto the bed, then crawled over me, pulling off articles of clothing as he went. First my skirt was tugged down my legs, and I was sure it would be ripped when I found it later, since he hadn't bothered to unzip it. Then my shirt was torn open, the buttons slipping forcefully through their holes or else flying off and scattering around the room. Finally he made quick work of my bra and panties before getting naked himself.

As soon as he was stripped bare, he was back on top of me, his body pressing into mine. He kissed and licked his way down my body until he reached my cunt. I was already moist when he got there, and he moaned when he saw the dew clinging to my pussy lips.

He teased my slit with his broad tongue, and when he pulled his head back up to tell me how tasty I was, his face was slick with my juice. Then he dove back in, his tongue thrusting into my pussy like a tiny dick. It felt like heaven, and I moaned loudly in appreciation. When he added a finger, I lost it and mumbled incoherent nonsense, my orgasm clouding my brain. I'd never come so quickly, and I was in awe of his sudden ability to make me climax with so little foreplay.

Then he kissed his way back up my body, and when he reached my lips, I hungrily kissed him, loving the taste of myself on his tongue. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever experienced, and I held his head to mine, making it last.

A moment later I felt his rock-hard dick bumping against my slit, and I got even more excited at the prospect of a good fucking. Holding himself up on his arms, he wiggled into place and started to penetrate me. It took him a few thrusts to get all the way inside, but as soon as he was, he paused a moment to give me time to get comfortable with his size. Then he thrust into me, slowly at first, easing his dick out until only the very tip was still between my lips, before pushing back in just as slowly. He increased his speed every few thrusts, and before long he was humping furiously, his cock moving only an inch or two with each thrust.

I began to buck against him, my hips lifting off the bed, our bodies slapping together loudly as we both moved wildly. Lovemaking with



Jay was usually much calmer, much gentler, and this new rough side of him was turning me on immensely. Every time he grunted instead of whispered, banged into me instead of glided, kissed me hard instead of soft, it got my juices flowing even more. I could feel myself getting closer to the edge. After a few more hard thrusts, my pussy started to throb. I came harder than ever before, and I swear it felt like fireworks going off inside me as a series of orgasms rippled through my body.

A minute later, Jay was coming, too. He pumped faster before shooting his load, filling my pussy. He didn't stop thrusting until he'd emptied his balls and was completely spent. Then he rolled off me, lay down on the bed, and pulled me against his chest.

I don't know what got into Jay that day, or why he chose that particular Friday to ravage me, but I don't really care. All I know is that he's been insatiable ever since—and so have I!—J.D., California

■ THREE TO GET HORNY

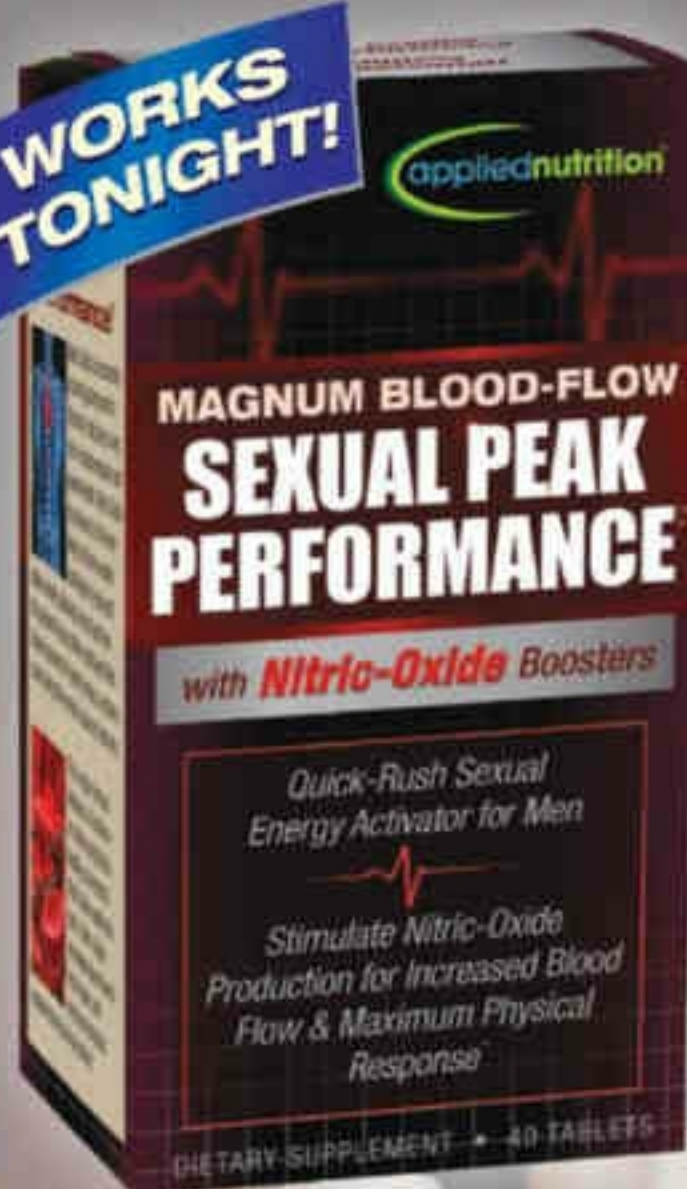
I realized I was bisexual in my early twenties, when someone dared me to go down on my best friend at a party. I'd never tasted another woman before, but we were both a little drunk and a lot horny, so I went for it. *That* was a night to remember.

A few years later, when I got serious with a man I knew I could love, I confessed my fondness for the taste of a hot woman. As I'd chosen well, my boyfriend was more than willing to accommodate my extracurricular bedroom activities, and not much later, we hooked up with a girl I met on an internet dating site. She was slightly older than we were, but she

He fingered her cunt, and after he had her nice and warmed up, he dipped his cock inside her, getting himself wet.

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was a real looker. She was wearing sexy knee-high boots, a short skirt, and a tight top when we first met, and my boyfriend and I were both blown away by how hot she was.

We met at a local hotel, and she instantly put us at ease with her big smile. Phoebe was really confident, and we were happy to let her lead the way. She gave me the most amazing clit-whipping with her tongue. I was so hot, and my pussy was pulsating with every stroke. As I wriggled around on the bed in ecstasy, I could see pre-come already dripping from my boyfriend's cock.

Then she gave my boyfriend a blowjob. He told me afterward that there's nothing that compares to having some random chick suck his dick wildly. He said I "make love" to his cock when I give him head, but Phoebe blew him in the most outrageous way.

After that, my boyfriend fingered Phoebe's cunt, and after he had her nice and warmed up, he dipped his cock inside her, getting himself wet. Then I grabbed hold of his dick and guided his throbbing member toward her ass. My boyfriend loves anal sex, and though we've tried it a number of times, I've always had a hard time taking him in deep. Phoebe had no trouble, so I knew they would get along just fine.

Phoebe took every inch of his hard length into her ass, and although I looked for signs of discomfort, I didn't see anything on her face or in her body language but enjoyment. My boyfriend was really pounding her, too, but she loved it. I slid my head between her legs and tongued her clit, almost getting off on the taste of her flowing juices. And then she came, her ass squeezing his cock tight as she flooded my face.

During the course of the night, as we continued to experiment with various positions and combinations, the sheets became soaked and the headboard came away from the wall, leaving several dents from the hard pounding. There was a pile of used condoms and wrappers in the garbage can.

Now, we don't have an open relationship by any means, but as long as we're both present, he's welcome to have sex with as many women as he wants. I love that I, too, get to have wild and crazy sex with all the hot women we bring home.

We're having a great time trawling our favorite internet dating site for



new conquests, and finding women willing to partake in all the fun and dirty sex we love!—N.F., Texas

■ A GOOD MEASURE

I work in the tailoring department of a high-end department store. Usually a male tailor measures the male customers, particularly if it's for pants, but the other day a customer was in a hurry and I was the only tailor available. The sales clerk explained that the guy needed a tux altered in a rush because he was in town for his father's wedding and his luggage had been lost. If I'd had any warning, I would have dressed differently that day, as I knew he'd get an eyeful of my cleavage if he looked down while I was working, and I haven't met very many men who can resist a look at my 34Ds when they're on display.

The guy was cute and looked to be in his twenties, about my age, and he was in a gorgeous designer-

label tuxedo—my Achilles heel. Men in tuxes are so freaking hot! Then I realized that we'd gone to high school together, and I'd had a huge crush on him. Shit!

We did that awkward "get superficially reacquainted" dance as I took care of the jacket, but just before we got started on the pants, the clerk was called away. Great. Now I had to ask Brendan which way he hangs. I was blushing before I even opened my mouth and couldn't look at his face as I asked, "Do you dress to the right or the left?"

When he didn't answer me, I looked up and saw a huge grin on his face. "Brendan?"

"Sorry," he said with a laugh. "I've never had a hot chick ask me that question. I really want to tell you to see for yourself."

"That would be inappropriate, sir. I'd prefer not to lose my job today." I winked as I said it, making sure to send a clear message that, despite what I'd said, I was interested.

He ran a finger down the side of my face and across my collarbone as he said, "Darlin', I want to do so many inappropriate things to you that I don't even know where to start." As his hand moved down to my tits, he chuckled and added, "I spent four

As his hand moved down to my tits, he added, "I spent four years of high school dreaming about these breasts."

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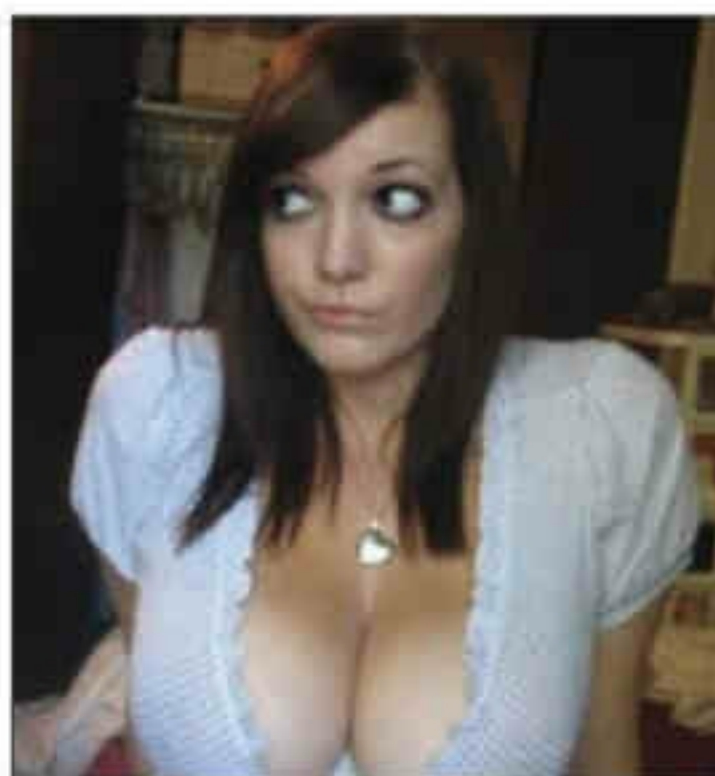
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He spread my legs wide, aimed his cock at my dripping pussy, and thrust into me at just the right speed and angle.

years of high school dreaming about these breasts, and they look even better now than I ever imagined."

"Oh, please," I replied, shocked. "I spent high school dreaming about you. You never looked at me twice."

"Sophia, you couldn't be more wrong." He took my hand and put it on the impressive bulge in his pants. "You did this to me every day. You're the reason I was never without a notebook."

Brendan's hand slid into my top and pinched my nipple through my bra, making me gasp as I rubbed and squeezed his hard shaft. "I wish I could take you right now, but my father is expecting me in an hour. How about dinner tonight?"

"I have a better idea," I said, giving him a wicked grin. "Let's get the pants measured first, then I'll tell you where to meet me in 15 minutes."

Fortunately, the pants just needed to be shortened, though we had to work around Brendan's hard-on. I told him how to get to the storage closet while I wrote up the slip and he changed out of the tux.

He met me a few minutes later, and I pulled him in and shut the door. My coworker was due back from lunch soon, so we didn't have much time. Brendan yanked his shirt and jeans back off, then started to undress me. I was naked in no time, and he reached between my thighs to finger my pussy. He murmured his surprise at finding me wet and ready, but that didn't stop


him from getting me even wetter. His very talented fingers were circling my clit and stroking my G spot, and I came almost instantly. My juices coated his palm, and before I had a chance to think about what would happen next, he got down on the floor, pulling me with him.

He pushed me onto my back and spread my legs wide. Then he positioned himself between my thighs, aimed his cock at my dripping pussy, and thrust into me. I'd imagined fucking Brendan a thousand times as a teen, without really knowing how great sex could be, but none of my fantasies compared to this. He thrust at just the right speed and angle, and touched me in all the right places. I bucked against him, unable to get enough.

His lips trailed down my jaw and along my neck as he fucked me. Then he moved his head down to suckle a nipple, and I went crazy. I was moaning loudly, almost beyond caring if anyone heard me.

Soon enough I felt his dick pulsing inside me, then he pulled his head up from my chest and let out a low groan. That was it for him, and a moment later he was coming. As the first shot went through me, I exploded, coming again.

He didn't stop thrusting until we were both finished. Then he pulled me into his arms and spooned me for a minute. Afterward, we got up and scrambled to get dressed, making plans to meet later for dinner.

Even better, he came in the next day and asked for another fitting, just to make sure there wouldn't be a problem. The sales clerk was at lunch, so I sucked him off during the fitting. We spent the rest of his trip screwing every chance we got, scratching every itch we had left from our high school lust.—S.G., Tennessee 

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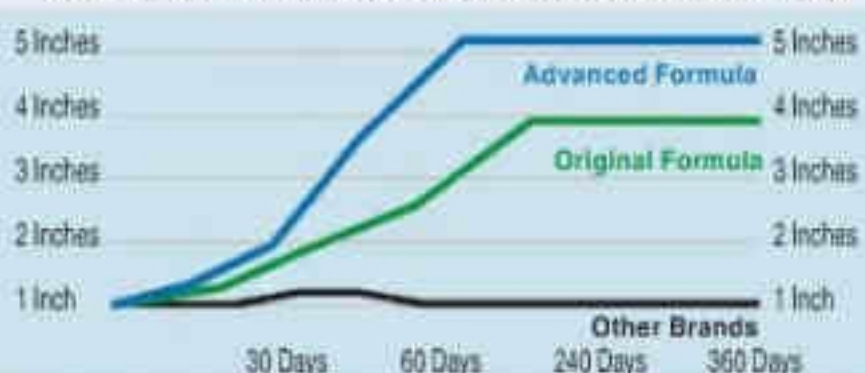
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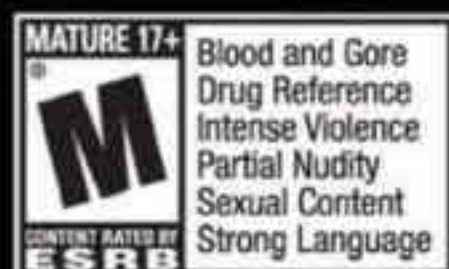
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